

THE SKETCH.

No. 94.—VOL. VIII.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1894.

SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE NEW LEADING LADY AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE: MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. FREDERICK HOLLYER. EXHIBITED IN THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.

THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday. The Duke of Connaught, representing the Queen, the Duke of York, representing the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, Prince Christian, many members of the Corps Diplomatique, Lord Rosebery, and a large number of Members of Parliament, &c., attended a solemn memorial service, or "Panmykhida," for the late Czar, at noon, in the Russian Chapel, Welbeck Street.—Fragments of the bomb exploded in Tilney Street prove it to have been of foreign manufacture, probably French, but the police have no other clue to the perpetrator of the outrage.—Lord Burton presented the Corporation of Burton-on-Trent with a Town Hall, at a cost of about £64,000.—Sir John Gorst, M.P., spoke strongly in favour of University settlements at Canning Town Public Hall, in the far East of London, near the Docks.—Siegfried Wagner, only son of the composer, gave a concert at Queen's Hall, the programme consisting of works by his father and by his grandfather, Liszt. The concert created great interest. Siegfried Wagner holds the *bâton* in his left hand, but uses the right hand also for special directions to his orchestra.—The Duke of Westminster laid the foundation stone of St. Anselm's Church, Davies Street, W., having given the site.—Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., speaking at Dublin, demanded the abolition of the Lords, and expressed his complete faith in the sincerity of the Cabinet in regard to Home Rule.—The Duchess of Albany opened St. Luke's Mission Hall, Deptford, and subsequently inspected the classes at work at the Goldsmiths' Company's Technical and Recreative Institute, New Cross.—The Duke of Devonshire, as President of Owens College, Manchester, opened the new medical schools.—News reached London of the death, on Sunday, at Boulogne, of Mr. Philip Gilbert Hamerton, editor of the *Portfolio*, and a voluminous writer on art.

Wednesday. Lord Salisbury wrote to the Dean of St. Paul's on the School Board Election, saying that he purposed to give his vote "in favour of the friends of religious education."—Mr. Hall Caine gave a brilliant address in Edinburgh on "Moral Responsibility in the Drama and in Novels," in which he deprecated the advisability of writing either plays or stories with an obvious or obtrusive didactic motive, but at the same time held that in literary work, as in all else, a man was his brother's keeper and responsible both for the ethical tendency of the subject he chose and his treatment of his theme. Mr. Caine is in favour of a wide freedom for writers, within this limit, urges vigorously faith in the eternal law of recompense, and therefore pleads on behalf of those who love a conventional "happy ending." He believes in the future of the realistic novel, and holds him to be the greatest genius who "touches the magnetic and divine chord in humanity which is always waiting to vibrate to the sublime hope of recompense, and him to be the greatest man who "teaches men that the world is ruled in righteousness."—The allegations made in the affidavit of Mr. George Edwardes in support of his application in the Court of Queen's Bench for a rule ordering the County Council to rehear the Empire license case were denied. Sir Henry James appeared for the Empire Company.—Lord Salisbury spoke at the Queen's Hall, strongly opposing the scheme for the unification of London, deprecating the establishment of a "mammoth corporation," on the ground that the centre would be considered and the outside neglected, and "spoke profanely" of the County Council.—News arrived that the whole Pei-Yang Squadron is shut up in Port Arthur, and that the victorious advance of Japan continues.—Mr. Gladstone appeals for indulgence from correspondents, having altogether retired from political life, and possessing no regular secretarial assistance, as well as desiring, "after a contentious life of nearly sixty-two years," to spend the remainder of his days in "freedom from political controversy."—The Baroness Burdett-Coutts entertained the Swaziland Envoys at luncheon in Stratton Street, the deputation consisting of Prince Monggana and five native chiefs.—Mr. John Walter was buried in the beautiful churchyard of St. Catherine, Bearwood, a large company of distinguished persons attending the funeral.

Thursday. Judgment was given by Justices Charles and Wright against the Empire Theatre, with costs against the Empire Company.—Mr. Samuel Danks Waddy, Q.C., M.P., is appointed the new Recorder of Sheffield.—A panic prevails in Niu-Chang, and rice riots are anticipated in consequence of the scarcity of the food supply.—Mr. Gladstone states, in connection with the School Board controversy, that in his opinion "an undenominational system of religion framed by the State is a moral monster," and that "it would be better for it to limit itself to giving secular instruction than to venture on such a system."—Eugene Oudin was buried in Brompton Cemetery in the presence of a large gathering of professional and private friends.—Lord Coleridge presented the prizes to successful candidates at the examinations held by the Metropolitan centre of Trinity College, London, and declared himself a passionate lover of music in every form save when it emanated from a "German cleemosynary" band or a barrel organ, and said that he would rather hear Bach often than Offenbach—a characteristic specimen of Attic wit pressed into the service of a classic punster.—A collector gave £100, under the hammer, for an old postage stamp: "Baden, first issue 9 K green, error of colour." Of a truth, *chacun a son goût*.—Lord Mayor Sir Joseph Renals was formally admitted to office.—The Queen has appointed Professor William Ritchie Sorley to the Chair of Moral Philosophy at the University of Aberdeen.

Friday. Japan continues her victorious advance, and the general opinion is that the only course open to China is to make the best terms possible for peace.—The *Echo de Paris* declares that in the Far East, as well as in Europe, France ought to walk hand in hand with Russia. France appears to be anxious to pick a quarrel with us, but Russia has its hands sufficiently full of its own affairs to enable us to rest in peace so far as its policy towards England is concerned.—The wedding of Nicholas II. and the Grand Duchess Alexandra Feodorowna is said to be arranged to take place in February.—In consequence of the death of the Czar, the fifty-third birthday of the Prince of Wales was celebrated quietly in London this year, and the Sandringham festivities were entirely postponed.—The death is reported of M. Louis Figuier, the French author, chemist, and scientist, at the age of seventy-five. M. Figuier was for some time scientific editor of *La Presse* and subsequently of *La France*. He was the author of several well-known scientific works, among them "Le Lendemain de la Mort, ou la Vie Future selon la Science," published in 1872, and "Les Races Humaines" a year earlier.—The Lord Mayor's Show attracted the usual crowds in the streets, but did not excite much enthusiasm.—The report of Government experts upon the bomb outrage in Tilney Street is that it was due to picric acid. This explosive has hitherto been almost exclusively used by French Anarchists.—Princess Bismarck is seriously indisposed.—Reports from Japan state that Lord Randolph Churchill is still looking very ill.—A curious case is reported from Paris, in which Castel, son of Prince Jerome Napoleon's valet, claims £400 damages from Prince Victor Napoleon, on the ground that Prince Jerome sent the elder Castel down to a cabin on the occasion of the collision between the Comtesse Henriette and the Comtesse de Flandre in 1889, and that in consequence he received injuries from the bursting of a boiler, which resulted in his death.—Copenhagen was declared a free port.—Lord Rosebery, speaking at the Lord Mayor's banquet, said that the Government would maintain a strict neutrality in regard to the China-Japan War, that our relations with Russia were most cordial, and that he rejoiced to see colonisation by other nations, because he believed it a pacific influence. The Premier's declaration concerning the war was the more significant as a Cabinet Council on the subject had been held during the day, and his assertion as to our relations with Russia a satisfactory answer to the *Echo de Paris*.

Saturday. News arrived from St. Petersburg that the funeral of the Czar is now definitely fixed for to-day week.—It is said, with apt satire, that the "friends" of Jabez Balfour have commenced yet another action against him in Salta, which will once more prevent his return to England.—The late Lord Carbery was buried at Laxton Church, near Stamford.—Mr. Patrick J. Kirwan gave an address before the Irish Literary Society, at the Caledonian Hotel, Adelphi Terrace, on "Oliver Goldsmith and his Works," this being the birthday of the poet.—Zola has once more formally come forward as a candidate for the seat in the Academy vacated by the death of M. Leconte de Lisle.—Madame Marie Antoinette Peinen, widow of the novelist, "Henri Conscience," who died in 1883, has just died at Ixelles, in her seventy-sixth year.—Lord George Hamilton was installed as Grand Superintendent of Royal Arch Masons for the Province of Middlesex.—The Mohawk Minstrels completed a twenty-one years' tenancy at the Agricultural Hall, and celebrated their coming-of-age in a duly festive fashion. Their audience numbered 3000, and loudly applauded a speech made by Mr. Harry Hunter.—A horse was killed and three men injured in Cannon Street, by an electric shock, caused by an explosion of gas in connection with the electric mains.—The Duchess of Teck opened a new club in connection with the Oxford House University settlement in Bethnal Green.—The Bishop of London consecrated the new church of St. Olave's, Finsbury Park.

Sunday. News reached London that the train containing the remains of the late Czar reached Spassow Monastery, near Borki, at five o'clock on Saturday, and a Requiem Mass was celebrated over the coffin in the presence of the Czar Nicholas and other Imperial and Royal mourners.—The People's League Central Hall, Peckham, was opened to-day. The object of the League is "Universal Brotherhood."—Mrs. Chant gave an address at the Playgoers' Club, St. James's Hall Restaurant ("Jimmy's"), on "The Music-Hall: Its Use and Abuse." A lively discussion was the result.—The Calypso training-ship was reported missing, but no great anxiety was felt at the Admiralty, as the vessel was only three days overdue at Las Palmas. Later in the day it was reported at the Admiralty that the Calypso was sixty miles north of the Canary Islands.

Monday. The Duke of York left Sandringham for St. Petersburg, to attend the funeral of the late Czar. His Royal Highness drove to Wolferton Station.—The National Poultry Show opened with great success at the Crystal Palace.—Sir Wilfrid Lawson made a vigorous speech at Cardiff.—An interesting "Gibbon Commemoration" was opened at the British Museum, under the auspices of the Royal Historical Society, this being the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the historian. Many portraits and relics of Gibbon were exhibited.—An important demonstration of the Catholic Association was held at Westminster Town Hall.—Reports that reach London from China represent the condition of that country as getting steadily worse. All hope of checking the advance of the Japanese troops is abandoned, and Pekin is being put into a state of defence, in anticipation of what appears to be an inevitable siege.

THE PLAY AND ITS STORY.

"JOHN-A-DREAMS," AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

Poor John-a-Dreams lay senseless on the sofa, and his heavy breathing showed that it was not honest sleep which held him. "He gave me this for you," said Sir Hubert Garlinge to the unhappy Kate Cloud, and she read the cruel words, "I release you." In the hands of the unconscious Harold Wynn she found a small empty bottle that smelt of laudanum; it spoke more eloquently than even the written words, and told her that the man she loved loved her no longer. It lied. All her hopes and fears died at once, and with broken heart she obeyed Sir Hubert's entreating command to come away with him.

The poor woman, who had never known girlhood, seemed to have awakened from a beautiful, terrible opium dream, such as played with the mind of John-a-Dreams as he lay inert on the sofa while the prize of his life appeared to be passing away from his grasp. All her fearful history came into Kate's mind, and her fate seemed just, yet none the less cruel. She remembered childhood in a home of luxury, where no thought of right or wrong ever entered; she recalled the moment when she first knew that her mother was a fallen woman, and what the words meant, and now it was awful to think that then she was not horrified or even shocked by the knowledge. Recollections came of the gradual waning of luxury as the mother grew older, till the moment when the girl revived the foul splendour of the house by following in her footsteps down the streets. How fearful to think that her fall had seemed to her no fall; that she, as ignorant of good and evil as our parents before the curse of knowledge came, had been as "merry, not happy," as a Nora Helmer living with strange men!

As she sped along to Southampton in the train, feigning sleep to win the companionship of her thoughts, she remembered her first awakening, re-pictured to herself the day when she was taught by a good woman that her life was vile, revolting, and then felt the terrors of knowledge of good and evil. The years afterwards, during which, by cultivation of a splendid voice, she became famous as a singer, and was able to hold up her head among those who did not know her history, seemed shadowy till she came to two great landmarks: her meeting with the wealthy, Earl, Sir Hubert, who began by insulting her, and ended by offering wealth, love, and name, and her encounter with Harold Wynn, the "John-a-Dreams," the "head-in-air" poet, whom she loved from the first, whose love came as swiftly as hers.

She was on her way to Lord Barbridge's yacht, and the sight of it brought back memories of the glad time when she and her two lovers, with some pleasant, friendly people, had passed many happy days together on board, but thought of the last night of the cruise embittered her. Why should the passionate, sensual baronet have forced on her again his unwelcome offer just before Harold put into words the love declaration that every tone of his voice, glance of his eyes, and touch of his hands had been making for weeks? It was too cruel that she should fulfil the old saying, "Two men, one woman, and strife." She knew that Harold and Hubert had loved one another.

Ten years before, when at college, the two men had entered into what they called the Oxford compact—a vow of friendship such as Jonathan and David took—and till Kate came it had been observed faithfully: no difference of opinion—and they always disagreed—no change of fortune, no separation had dulled the feelings of the two friends towards one another. They had left out the question of woman in their compact, and therefore it was built on shifting sand. Now she felt that she had cast down the frail structure, yet could not of the ruins build up even the humblest home for herself.

If it be any comfort to know that one has striven for happiness, and striven honestly, she had it. She had loyally spoken to Harold's father, the clergyman whose words had aided her when she was struggling from the foul old life. She had told him all unsparingly, and his manner, his tender, pitying manner gave her hope; but his shudder, his gasp of horror when she said that his son loved her crushed the hope; he tried vainly to counteract its effect, and make her believe he would welcome her as daughter if after learning the truth his son asked him to accept her. She felt that her duty demanded sacrifice, so, hoping to lighten her lover's burden, she pretended at first that her love had been only a passing fancy that had swiftly perished.

Yet there was an ugly memory as well. After she had gone away her strength failed her, and dumb to her feeling of duty she had come back, had told him that she loved him, but was unworthy; had confessed as much as he would hear, and offered to become his mistress, since she was too unselfish to be his wife. And Harold? He had not hesitated. Despite her earnest warning, her prophecies of ill fortune, he showed that love is stronger, not merely than death, but even than shame. She would not grant his eager, reiterated prayer that she would accept his name till he had had time for thought, so she left him alone for half an hour.

What passed in the half-hour she did not know. How could she guess the trick by which Sir Hubert had made John-a-Dreams write the cruel "I release you"? Who could have imagined that the false man would put laudanum into the glass of his friend, so that he might seem to have returned to his old habit and have fulfilled the strict terms of his promise to her: "I will never touch it again till I cease to love you!"

The rest may be told simply. Sir Hubert tried to get her away on the yacht before Harold could catch them up, but a storm upset his plans, and soon John-a-Dreams and his father arrived, and with them ended the villain's last hope and came a full life of joy to Kate. Of

fearful joy, perhaps, because she could never tell what shadows the black past might cast upon the future.

Mr. Haddon Chambers's play is curiously uneven. At first it aims high, and not without fair measure of success, then it becomes poor melodrama, and pleased the audience. If the voice of the people be taken as a test of merit, "John-a-Dreams" is a great work—if that of the critics, it is a fine play—spoilt. One must give credit for clever, amusing, farcical scenes that won hearty laughter, for skilful handling of difficult passages, and tact in treatment of painful situations; but the reckless change of method, the lack throughout of true characterisation, and the sad abandonment of a noble theme, to me appear to be more than counterbalance. The first half is the best work of the dramatist; the second almost his worst, and it delighted the house, and will probably make the play successful. What is the use of the critics?

Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Kate is an admirable piece of acting, that, despite some lack of power, deserves high praise for the splendid skill she showed and its high artistic merit. Mr. Beerbohm Tree as John-a-Dreams acted in a style well worthy of his great reputation, and charmed the house. A great "hit" was made by Mr. Herbert Ross by very clever acting in a small comic part, and Miss Janette Steer and Mr. Edmund Maurice aided him by able work. Praise must be given to Mr. Nutcombe Gould as the hero's father.

MONOCLE.

THE FIRST POSTER.

A visit to one of the most interesting and gorgeous side-shows now provided at the Aquarium calls to mind the *obiter dictum* of a prominent writer, to the effect that "Advertisement is not the road to success, but success itself." Also one's patriotism is pleased by the consideration that now we have in England men capable of holding their own with the best of those who make gay the streets of Paris. Verily, as the proverbial mustard-tree is to the seed thereof, so is the modern practice of advertisement to its early beginnings. Remains of red ochre drawings on the walls of Herculaneum and Pompeii testify that even in those days the proverb, "Good wine needs no bush," was largely disregarded; but England can claim the honour of having produced what was probably the first printed poster or "*si quis*." The latter name was derived from the fact that all advertisements used to begin with those words or their English equivalents. The particular specimen in question was printed in black letter and issued by Caxton about the year 1480, and ran as follows—

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of two or thre comemoracio's of Saliburi use, emprynted after
the form of this prese't letre, whiche ben well and truly correct,
late hym come to Westmonester, into the almonestrye at the
reed pole and he shall have them good and chepe:

Supplico stet cedula.

A Pye, or Pica, was the directory or order of devotional exercises, which varied with the "use" of different establishments. The Red Pole (over which Caxton presided), in those days, was satisfied with an advertisement only seven inches by five in measurement—it probably seemed a very bold venture—and one is tempted to cry, "*O! si sic omnes!*!" Fate, however, has decreed otherwise. The descendants of this diminutive ancestor have been multiplied and magnified exceedingly, until it would now be difficult for anyone truthfully to say, with Leonato in "Much Ado about Nothing," "My griefs cry louder than advertisement."

J. P.

The Midland Railway Company has now extended its arrangements for the booking and delivery of passengers' luggage to their hotel or residence to apply to all the towns served by the Midland Railway in which the company deliver with its own carts. Smaller towns are, therefore, now placed in the same advantageous position as London, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Nottingham, Leeds, Bradford, and the other principal centres in this respect.

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"THE REALM."

A CHAT WITH LADY COLIN CAMPBELL AND MR. EARL HODGSON.

"The *Realm*, of which the first number will be published on Friday, Nov. 16, is designed to be a comprehensive weekly review of politics, society, and the arts. It will be similar in size and shape to the other journals of its class. The price will be threepence weekly."

So run the first few lines of the prospectus announcing the paper which will make its appearance next Friday under the joint editorship



Photo by Gabell and Co., Ebury Street, S.W.

LADY COLIN CAMPBELL.

of Lady Colin Campbell—whose literary and journalistic work in the *Saturday Review*, the *World*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and elsewhere is well known—and Mr. Earl Hodgson, late editor of the *National Review*, and himself a constant contributor to many of the reviews, weeklies, and dailies of Tory light and leading.

"I found the two latest additions to London editors" (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) "established in cosy offices within a stone's throw both of the Embankment and Fleet Street."

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"And what are your lines, Lady Colin? I understand that in politics the *Realm* will be Tory?"

"Say, rather," interposed Mr. Earl Hodgson, "Anti-Radical; for we mean to consider ourselves politically independent, in the sense that while we shall be opposed to the methods of the Radical party, we shall not consider ourselves bound to follow blindly either Tory or Unionist leader. So far from meaning always to follow the party, we hope," he added, with a smile, "that the party will sometimes follow us."

"Then the *Realm* will be a political free-lance?"

"Yes, we shall expect our staff to work on the understanding that with whichever party the journal finds itself at any time to be in accord, their function will be to vindicate generally, and to direct on certain conceivable emergencies."

"I suppose your contributors will compose an eclectic list?"

For sole reply Lady Colin, smiling, handed me a provisional sheet of contributors to the *Realm*, containing, in addition to the names of most of the great authorities in politics and in literature, the names of many persons famous for practical rather than literary achievements, but who have consented to turn penmen in the interests of the new weekly.

"A great many of the names you are surprised to see in our list of contributors were specially introduced with a view to what will be the most striking and most novel feature in the *Realm*," said Mr. Earl Hodgson quietly. "You know what a part personal reminiscences have played in the reading world of the past few years. Well, every week we shall devote some three columns of our space to short signed contributions, written by all sorts and conditions of notable men and women, and each dealing with some episode in their past lives or in that of their celebrated or picturesque contemporaries. As far as possible, these 'reminiscences' will have more or less reference to some event of topical interest or importance; for instance, last week we should have made a point of securing some personal recollections of the late Czar Alexander III., contributed in each case by someone who had really been brought into contact with him through social or diplomatic relations."

"I do not think we have sufficiently insisted on the fact," added Lady Colin, "that the *Realm* will be really topical—topical in politics, and topical as regards current literature and the arts. We shall make an effort to really review, each eight days, the real book of the week—in this, as in everything else, the *Realm* will be thoroughly up to date."

"We shall also," remarked Mr. Hodgson, "make a special feature of our 'City Article,' which, having been confided to a financial editor of the highest integrity, should make an authoritative appeal to the genuine investor. Then, a short story will appear each week; the first, I think, being by Mr. Traill. We mean to pay attention to Indian affairs. Few people realise that the Queen rules over more Mohammedans than the Sultan, and that vast masses of her Eastern subjects are unrepresented in this country. The only Indian M.P. himself can only speak for some 6000 Parsees, who are of comparatively little importance. Accordingly, we have arranged means of communication with certain representative native princes, who will, from time to time, keep us fully supplied with information of what is going on in that vast dumb section of the Indian Empire, which renders a far truer loyalty to the Queen than those who pose as their spokesmen would have us believe."

"One word more: do you intend catering in any special manner for your feminine readers?"

"Yes, we shall have an article on fashions every week, with occasionally some genuine Paris notes dealing with the same subject. But," concluded Lady Colin Campbell, "we have not yet told you half of what is going to be in the paper. For instance, Mr. William Sharp will look after our art department; I myself am undertaking the Drama; Mr. Earl Hodgson will make our very careful summary of current events one of his chief cares; poetry will not be neglected, and in our first number Mr. Alfred Austin signs a sonnet entitled 'The Realm,' the idea of which occurred to him on hearing of our project."

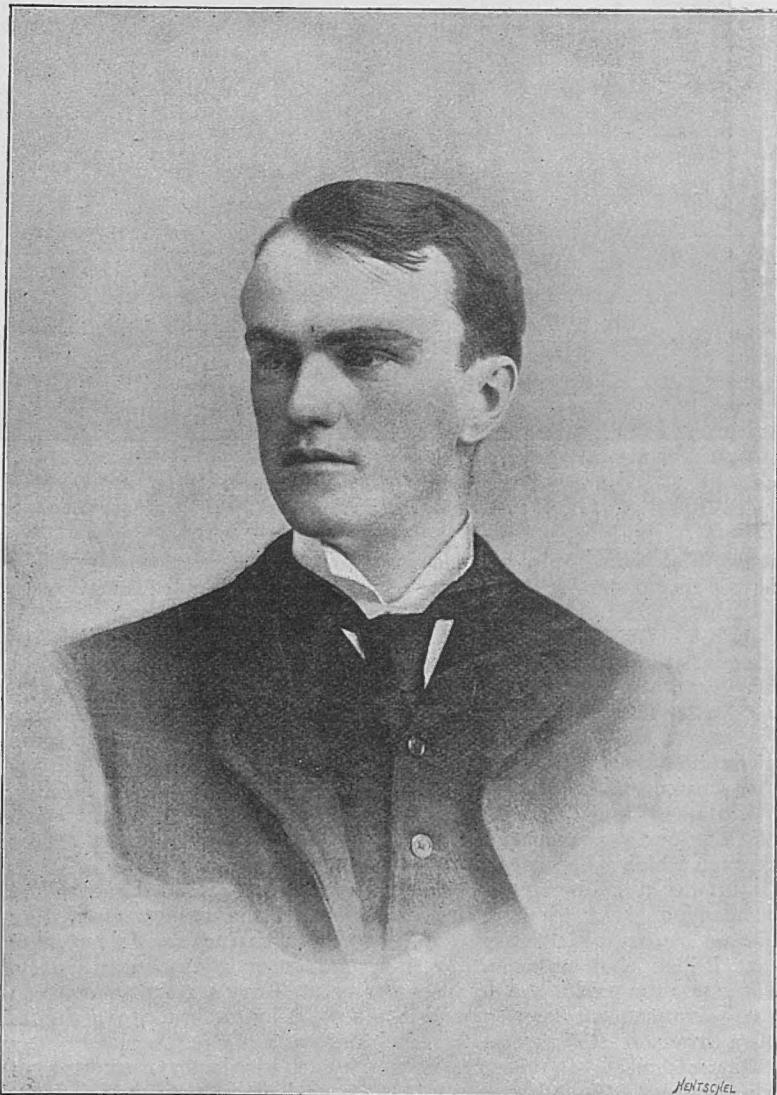


Photo by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.
MR. W. EARL HODGSON.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

"The Derby Winner" has shown such staying power, and proved to be so popular a favourite, that there is no small interest in the photograph which gives the faces of nearly all those who take part in riding it home to triumph every night. Certainly it is a wonderful collection. Mrs. John Wood, gayest, youngest in spirits of our broad comedians, the absolute stage ideal of a sporting duchess; Miss Alma Stanley, who has worked her way patiently up the ladder till now it is recognised that her performance in the play is of unsurpassable quality; Miss Beatrice Lamb, as apt for the present heroine as she was for the long-lived Niobe; Miss Pattie Browne, for whom we heartily thank Australia; Mr. Bourchier, an aristocratic hero, who actually has style; Mr. Cartwright, best melodrama villain of our time, save Mr. E. S. Willard; Mr. George Giddens, who never fails to win laughter; and Mr. Charles Dalton, an actor with a rare sense of power. Such a picture makes one

excitement of seeing the illustrious Duse as Nora, the Norwegian Frou-Frou. From these one culs such delightful memories as of Duse and Miss Achurch—two splendid Noras, yet utterly different in conception and execution of the part; of Mr. Royce Carleton and Mr. Charles Fulton, each brilliant as Krogstadt; of Miss Robins, the Mrs. Linden; of Mr. Charrington, an admirable Dr. Rank, and of Mr. Herbert Waring, who seemed to settle for all time the true way of presenting Helmer.

Unless, then, one assumes that Herr Maurice was unaware of the brilliant acting record of the play in London, it is clear that he has had the courage to offer to submit his company to a very trying test. I am glad that he has. In the first place, it has given us another opportunity of seeing an interesting, almost inexhaustible play. In the second, his company has come well out of the test. Except in the case of Herr Cæsar Beck as Helmer, each part has been played better than at the Opéra Comique; but, as a whole, it is an earnest, intelligent, able performance that does great credit to a company not chosen specially for the task. I would not pretend that Fräulein Eleonore von Driller is equal to



THE BALL SCENE IN "THE DERBY WINNER," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GORDON AND CO., PUTNEY.

regret that photography was not known in past days so that we might have a true picture of some of the great companies of olden times.

If one may venture to apply to the plays of Ibsen such an undignified phrase as the one in a song from "Olivette" or "Madame Favart," it may be remarked that they "bob up serenely" when least expected. Time after time we have been told that the last has been heard of the Norwegian dramatist and his wicked works, yet last week I had the pleasure of hearing "A Doll's House." It took me back in thought to the July evening in 1889 when, at the luckless Novelty Theatre, "A Doll's House" was produced, and had a sort of Anarchist bomb effect on our stage, shattering many views, and bursting open the door through which "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" has passed.

It was a deliberate challenge of comparison when the excellent company of Herr Charles Maurice presented the strong, fascinating piece. The critics have seen it at least four times since the July evening that I look upon as one of the important dates in theatrical history. There was the production by Miss Fraser at Terry's, when she gave an able performance, somewhat cast in the shade by the beautiful acting of Miss Elizabeth Robins and the admirable work of Mr. Charles Fulton; afterwards came the clever, if not quite satisfactory, attempt of Miss Norreys. Following this was the second production by Miss Janet Achurch of the piece that made her famous, and lastly was the

Miss Achurch when at her best, or at all to Duse. She made nothing of the famous tarantella scene, and might well have imitated Duse and omitted it; of the curious gaiety of the part, the fine touches that suggest the use of the terms "squirrel" and "lark," she showed but little. Yet in the sterner, sadder parts, and, most of all, in the long, strange dialogue at the end, she acted in admirable style and showed a great deal of power.

Herr Cæsar Beck is really an artist of great value, and his Helmer may well be set by the side of Mr. Waring's. The rather fatuous manner of the English actor he discards, and by rendering the man more attractive increases the force of the play. One becomes so very sorry for the well-meaning banker who ruins his life without ever deserting what he believes to be a high standard of conduct. From first to last he showed character, power, and restraint, and deserves the hearty praise one can but rarely give. An unobtrusive, effective piece of acting was given by Herr Rusing as Dr. Rank, deficient, however, rather in subtlety, and missing the curious poetic tinge that ennobled Mr. Charrington's work; yet excellent as a whole. Some praise also may be given, if not very warmly, to the efforts of Herr Katzorke, as Krogstadt, or, as the Germans call it, Günther. However anxious I may feel to keep within bounds, I must say that the German company has accomplished a very difficult task successfully, and it is a pity that the performance was not better attended by public and critics.

MONCLE.

SMALL TALK.

The weather was very cold and stormy during the last fortnight of the Queen's stay at Deeside, and, with the exception of a couple of visits to the Glassalt Shiel, no long excursions were made. It has long been the Queen's custom to go to this cottage, or the Châlet in Ballochbuie Forest, for a few days during the lull in "affairs" which takes place between the departure of one Minister and the arrival of his successor. This year, however, the medical men have not deemed it prudent that her Majesty should "sleep abroad," and she has contented herself with day visits only—going to the Shiel in the morning and returning in the evening. Before quitting Balmoral the Queen passed a couple of afternoons in driving round by Crathie and Abergeldie, visiting certain "pet" villagers and tenants on the estate, and her Majesty also went to Crathie churchyard to place the regulation "departure wreath" on John Brown's grave.

The Queen has a first-rate show of fat stock this year on the Model Farm in Windsor Park. Her Majesty's annual sale is to take place the second week in December.

The Queen has been desirous of visiting Naples for some years past, and it is possible that she may decide to go there next spring instead of to Florence, unless the medical men insist upon her Majesty trying a course of the Aix waters for the rheumatic affection of the knees, from which she now suffers so much. Court etiquette prevents the Queen from occupying a royal residence, as she travels *incognito* as the Countess of Balmoral, and she cannot, therefore, avail herself of King Humbert's offer of the famous Palace of Capadimonte, which stands on a hill commanding a magnificent view of the city and bay of Naples, and would afford ample accommodation for the royal household. In any ordinary mansion this question of accommodation is a most difficult one, as rooms have to be provided for the Queen, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, a lady-in-waiting, a maid of honour, the private secretary, an assistant secretary, the Munshi or Indian secretary and his subordinates, the Oriental domestics, and about sixty servants. It is almost impossible to find one residence sufficiently large for such a regiment, and her Majesty strongly objects to two houses being taken, as this arrangement causes great inconvenience. Still, in Naples, that "City of Palaces," some suitable residence could probably be found.

The Prince of Wales has named Dec. 13 as the date when he will be able to attend the performance of Delibes's opera of "Le Roi l'a Dit" by the pupils of the Guildhall School of Music.

Czar Nicholas II. possesses an average intelligence, which will have to do duty on extraordinary as well as ordinary occasions. Perhaps it is better so. The exceptional intelligence provides humanity with an intellectual banquet twice or thrice a year; the average intelligence provides humanity with a substantial dinner for at least 360 days out of the 365; for even the average intelligence goes off the rails every now and again. If it did not it would not be the average intelligence, but simply foolishness. "A man who is not sometimes a fool is always one," said Paley, and he was right. "This is my Sunday father, and I want my week-day father," exclaimed Diderot when they gave him the

portrait of the honest, homely cutler of Langres, dressed in a satin coat, ruffles, and frills. A ruler who will make a good week-day portrait will be, after all, the best ruler. The genius of a Frederick the Great and a Peter the Great lies in their practical sense. A consolidated Prussia, a



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

THE WIDOWED CZARINA.

more or less civilised St. Petersburg, attest the solid foundations of the efforts of these two; there remains nothing to France of the conquests of the first Napoleon, whose genius was nevertheless of the highest order.

Czar Nicholas II is below rather than above the middle height, and gives one the impression of being in delicate health. His subjects, if all one hears be true, are somewhat disappointed at this falling off in the stature of their ruler. Alexander I., Nicholas I., Alexander II., and the Czar who has just died were giants, and there is little doubt that their magnificent appearance had its importance. Even the civilised European is more or less impressed by the man whose stature and weight symbolises force: the semi-barbaric Selav is doubly impressed. Until a few years ago, I had by me a book full of portraits of great men. I bought it in St. Petersburg thirteen years ago, and as a matter of course carried it back to the hotel. While I was turning over its leaves the *garçon d'hôtel*—not to be confounded with the *garçon*—came into the room, and with that respectful familiarity so common in Russia between the highest and the lowliest, and at which no one could take offence, stood gazing in admiration. Though he had never been out of Russia, he spoke a little French and a good deal of German—a fortunate thing for me, seeing that I am helpless with Russian. He had heard of Napoleon I., but he had never heard of Cromwell. When I came to the Protector's portrait he wanted to know something of his history. I told him as well as I could. He looked incredulous. "It seems not possible, Monsieur," he said; "he could not have done all that, he looks so small." "But Napoleon was small," I replied, "and he did as much, if not more than that." "Ah, Monsieur, Napoleon was big; but after they got him prisoner they made him look small in his pictures out of sheer spite." After that, there is no need to comment upon the feeling of regret, especially of the educated Russians, that their new Czar is a small man.

Russian society—as distinct from the Court circle proper—is not very elated at the Czar's marriage with a German princess. They would have preferred as their future Czarina the Princess of Montenegro. To begin with, the Princess had grown up under their own eyes; she belongs to their own nation; her father's name is very popular—the hero of Dulcigno is a kind of minor idol; furthermore, the aristocracy would have looked upon that marriage as the beginning of the fulfilment of the resuscitated idea of "Russia for the Russians." What they dislike above all is the idea of German influence becoming once more preponderant at the Russian Court. They were absolutely at peace in that respect with regard to the now Dowager Czarina. The daughter of Denmark did not owe the Germans much goodwill, and she is honest enough not to disguise her feelings.



PRINCE of WALES.

BORN NOV. 9th 1841.

London, Pub'd April 3, 1843, by W. G. WEBB, 19, Cock Lane, West Smithfield.

I little thought when recently writing for these columns a few words of welcome to Albert Gilmer on his return to theatrical management that he would never see them. Yet so it happened, for when they appeared he was stricken down by typhoid fever, and now, at the early age of five-and-thirty, he has gone away from us. His was a varied career. The son of a well-known dancer, who played lead to Mdlle. Taglioni, from his father he would seem to have inherited his rather restless disposition. He tried his hand at commerce and journalism, and then went round the provinces as manager to Howard Paul. After many ups and downs, he became assistant manager at the Alhambra, and, when John Hollingshead left the house, took his place. He always seemed to me to be good-natured and kind-hearted, but his scope was too limited by the Alhambra directorate for him to show much merit as a manager. Some months ago I met him in King William Street, and he said he was going to work again, and hoped to see me on the opening night. I promised to be present; we talked over a few theatrical matters; he parted from me apparently in the best of health and spirits, and I never saw him again.



Photo by L. and K. Gray, Bayswater.

MISS GEORGINA MIDDLETON.

Little Miss Evelyn Hughes is being understudied in "The Derby Winner," at Drury Lane, by Miss Georgina Middleton, who made a hit as Prince Arthur in "King John" at the Princess's.

The latest balance-sheet of the Gaiety Theatre Company is a dreadful example of the way in which the popularity of burlesque has run down. Since poor Fred Leslie's early death and Nellie Farren's retirement the spirit of fun seems to have departed. It is to be hoped that burlesque at the Gaiety is destined to revive, and writing about the matter reminds me of a not unfunny story. When the company went to tour in America they were detained at Sandy Hook while an attempt was made to prevent their entry, under the terms of the Imported Labour Act. Dundas Slater, who had already arrived, went down to the dock, cleared them, and took some twenty or thirty of the chorus on the elevated railway as far as their rooms. At the end of the journey he missed five, and waited about anxiously until they came on in another car. "We did not know where you had gone to, so we took this car on chance," said one of the girls. "Why didn't you ask at the dock?" he said. "Well," she replied in all seriousness, "we didn't know whether the people out here understand English."

Mr. T. B. Thalberg, an intellectual young actor, who has done capital work, both in the West-End and in America, has just started auspiciously a tour of "The Professor's Love-Story." It is not every provincial town that will take kindly to J. M. Barrie's play, but matters are pretty sure to work out all right in the long tour that has been booked. Miss Gertrude Davison appears in Miss Bessie Hatton's part of Lucy White, and also in the cast is that admirable, thoughtful, and always

interesting artist, Miss Elsie Chester, who ought never to be out of a good London engagement. Mr. Thalberg is, of course, the Professor.

It is very seldom indeed that the name of Dominick Murray is mentioned in the English Press. Mr. Clement Scott, I think, referred to him *en passant* a few months ago, and now I am going to follow suit, for I read with pleasure that Mr. Murray has in Mr. Cartwright's original part of James Shillingham made an artistic triumph on the American production at Boston of Mr. Sutton Vane's "The Cotton King." I presume that there are not so many latter-day playgoers who recollect this sterling actor, who went out to the States about a quarter of a century back. During the sixties he was a leading member of the company at the Princess's, was in the original cast of "The Streets of London," and was the first Michael Feeny in "Arrah-na-Pogue." I am glad to think that after all this lapse of time he is still alive and prospering in his adopted country.

Murray is, indeed, a patronymic familiar in various ways to the theatrical analyst. Handsome Leigh Murray and his wife, of whom the latter died only a few years ago; the Gaston Murrays, *mari et femme*; and, of a younger generation, Miss Alma Murray, that heroine of Shelleyan and Browningese poetic drama, whom her private friends know as Mrs. Alfred Forman. The six Murrays mentioned in these paragraphs might alone furnish material for a couple of columns or more.

A craftsman in the true sense of the term, absorbed in his calling and keenly enthusiastic on all topics connected with the work of his life, is Mr. Joseph Zaehnsdorf, the celebrated bookbinder, who now carries on, in the fine building at Cambridge Circus, the old business conducted by his father in the neighbourhood of the Strand. A "two-legged bookworm" of my acquaintance, or, as he loves to be described, a "collector" of books, tells me that a chat with Mr. Zaehnsdorf is in itself a liberal education. In the spacious entrance hall hung with portraits of Zaehnsdorf the elder, Charles Lewis, and Roger Payne, and containing cases full of books in bindings of all styles, there comes to meet you a man of forty, more or less, with moustache, and brown hair just beginning to show traces of grey.

Mr. Zaehnsdorf discusses with zest all the ills to which a printed book is heir, and he relates how there are fifteen kinds of insects that prey upon the bound volume. Many of these he breeds in a convenient part of his premises, just as though he were a bacteriologist; and he may indeed almost be said to keep a private park of book-devourers. The true bookworm is, he believes, the larva of the death-watch moth, the moth laying its eggs in wood, and the grub being white with a crimson head; and the next most dangerous insect plague is the tiny book-beetle, which subsists on the materials of which covers are made. Mr. Zaehnsdorf, who smokes pipes, is of opinion that tobacco is good for books, as also are fresh air and constant handling, the two principal factors in the process of destruction being damp and darkness. A year or two passed "in cellar cool" is disastrous even to the most sumptuously attired of books. Morocco he considers to be the only good and lasting binding for books of value.

Punch for the week before last was a memorable number. For only the fourteenth time in forty-three years, according to my calculation, Sir John Tenniel failed to draw the central cartoon. Mr. Linley Sambourne filled the vacancy with a very clever picture, in which the first good likeness of Lord Rosebery appeared in these cartoons. Sir John Tenniel's record is very extraordinary when you carefully consider all the possibilities of illness which might prevent his doing his accustomed work. The influence he has wielded for good among the nations of the world can hardly be reckoned, for *Punch* has often voiced the right sentiment in troublous times.

We were talking the other evening about the meanest men we ever met, and many interesting monstrosities were cited. "Talking about mean men," said one of the party, "I recollect an instance in which a parsimonious friend of mine came off very badly. I was living in Blankchester at the time, and our gardens met. He was a very rich man, but so 'near' that he would not even employ a gardener, and used to attend to his ground himself. One day, in the far corner of the garden, he dug up a spade guinea. I was watching him, and he begged me not to tell anybody, because he imagined there might be very many down there. He dug away for a day, and found another. This so excited him that he sent for half-a-dozen workmen, and, without telling them what he wanted, set them to dig. He superintended the digging, which went on for two long days. Nothing was found, but the party-wall on the other side was undermined, and gave way. The result was a demand for compensation, a refusal, a lawsuit, a verdict for the plaintiff, with £200 damages and costs." We handed the speaker the award of merit, and confessed we were beaten.

If "incongruity is the soul of wit" then the Anarchists must have some sense of humour, for a more peaceable and good-natured Whig does not exist than the Hon. Reginald B. Brett, whose charming house in Tilney Street was the scene of the latest bomb outrage. Mr. Brett's tall and still youthful figure has become an institution at English race-meetings, and he is always included in one of the smartest Goodwood and Ascot house-parties. He and his wife, *née* Mdlle. Van de Weyer, are great favourites with the Queen and Royal Family.

The Lord and Groom-in-Waiting, Lord Bridport and Lord William Cecil, are to arrive at Windsor Castle to-day. During the Queen's sojourn in Scotland the services of these ornamental functionaries are dispensed with, as there is only accommodation at Balmoral for those Court officials whose presence is absolutely necessary. A lord-in-waiting has a very pleasant sinecure. The "Lord's" duties consist of his living very comfortably at one of the Royal palaces for about three weeks in the year, and for this arduous service he receives from a grateful country the satisfactory salary of £700 per annum. It is, therefore, little wonder that there is always a plethora of applicants for these desirable posts.

The members of the corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms will give a dinner at their mess-room in St. James's Palace on Dec. 1, to which all past Captains of the Body Guard, the great Officers of the Household, and many other official personages have been invited.

The late Mr. Walter was popularly supposed to draw the comfortable income of £20,000 a-year, free of income-tax, from the *Times*. A good story was told at his expense during his Eton days. Some of the boys in his house started a Court of Justice for trying such offences as did not come within the ordinary rules and regulations of school life. Walter was brought before this tribunal, charged with "never having said a single good thing." The jury returned a verdict of guilty, but strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy on the ground of natural incapacity.

In some English homes the picture below of the ill-fated steamship *Wairarapa* will have a mournful interest. The vessel is one of the

of hearing great works performed under such sublime conditions. After a brief Evening Service Mendelssohn's exquisite "Hymn of Praise" was performed. The orchestra could not compare with that which is usually heard at the Festival of the Three Choirs, but Mr. J. T. Carrodus led as well as ever. The duet "I Waited for the Lord," sung by Madame Albani and Mrs. Helen Trust, made a great effect. Our popular *prima donna*, for a wonder, subdued her powerful voice to the sweet, but less strong, notes of Mrs. Trust, with the result that it was an ideal duet. Mr. Iver McKay's voice rang out well in the "Watchman" solo. After the collection, Madame Albani sang "Angels Ever Bright and Fair" with just that little change at the end which is not an improvement. Then Dr. Bridge conducted his own new cantata, "The Cradle of Christ," which pleased everybody by its smooth melody. Mr. Daniel Price gave the bass solo excellently, and Madame Albani revelled in her solo. The choir came out best in this composition, for, truth to tell, they were not quite satisfactory in the "Hymn of Praise."

Is it a case of one Amurath succeeding to another? The familiar signature, "G. B. S.," has disappeared from the foot of the musical column of the *World*, and has been replaced by "R. S. H." These latter are surely the initials of the author of "The Green Carnation."

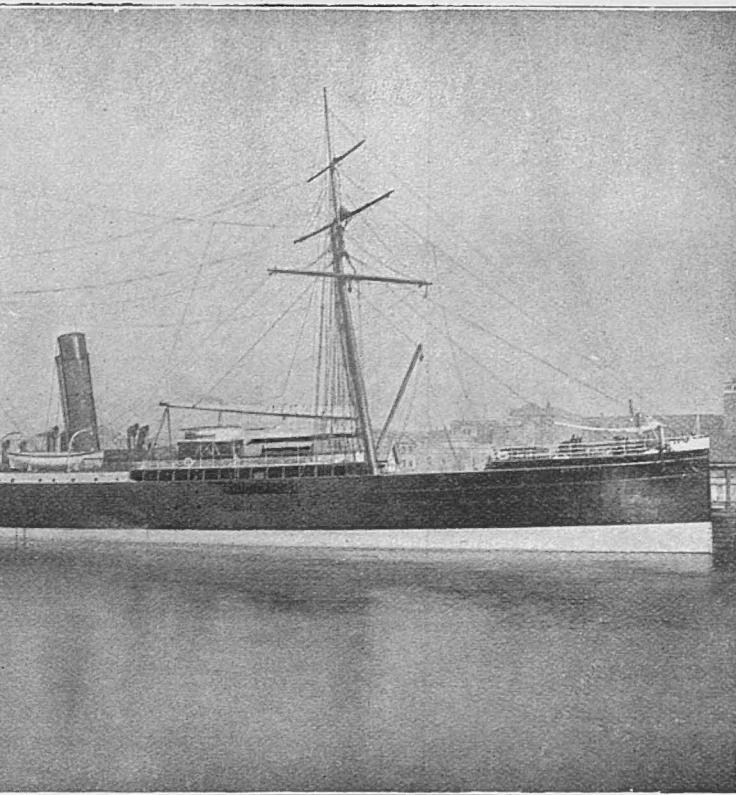
The news which comes home regarding the wonderful Australian gold-mine which has been jointly purchased by Lord Fingall and Colonel North reads like a modern version of Aladdin. Samples of quartz which were sent home for inspection, and opened up in the presence of Lord Fingall's guests on Tuesday, are declared by experts to

be hostages of the richest gold-mine in the world. Pending the formation of a company to work it, the entrance of the mine, which is called the "Golden Hole," has been sealed up and built over with stones, a solid building of iron going over that, which the Warden declares sufficient, in his opinion, for the safeguarding of the gold. Meanwhile, an armed guard is also kept over the spot, so there is not much to be feared, apparently, from envious outsiders. The sample alone shown on Tuesday at Winchester House contains close on £25,000 worth of gold, from which it may be augured that Lord Fingall and Colonel North have lighted on a very pretty investment indeed.

If we have borrowed many artistic fancies from the Land of the Rising Sun, an enthusiastic cultivation of that wonderful flower, the chrysanthemum, is not least on the list. At the Aquarium nearly fifteen hundred feet of staging was devoted to the National "Mum" Society's Show this week. The building was, in fact, carpeted with blooms, each one of which had been the object of all possible cultivation and care for months before. Hostesses appreciate the possibilities which are given to their winter dinner-tables

by this most decorative of all flowers, and a number of competing "table shows" made, therefore, a most inviting scene in the North-East Gallery. The large ragged Japanese "mum" is a *tour de force* in itself for the drawing-room, a dozen or so of these gigantic blooms scattered here and there through a pretty room giving that subtle touch of colour and refinement which so enhances the claims of Chippendale or Eastern embroideries to admiration. Lord Suffield, who is a well-known connoisseur in "strains," deservedly obtained a prize for a group of resplendent blossoms, and Lord Sandwich another, among his varieties being some unusually good examples of the "Avalanche" chrysanthemum, than which a happier name could not have been given, this great white flower looking like a piled up mass of virgin snow. *À propos* of the decorated dinner-tables, Sir Edwin Saunders would have been puzzled how to bestow his prize, the arrangements were so generally artistic.

The scientific soul, which has so long cherished dreams of that millennium in photography when natural colours can be reproduced, may now congratulate his fates that he has lived to see the day, for all difficulty has been solved at last, and photographing in colours may now be reckoned as an accomplished fact. The pink cheek of beauty or the sunset colours of a Turner landscape can be "set down" in all faithfulness, to the everlasting joy of their admirers, who had previously to content themselves with a cold semblance of their respective original treasures. The British Fine Art Society are occupied in developing operations, and specimens are on view at Lombardi's, in Pall Mall, of most recent experiments. It is impossible to over-estimate the importance which this discovery must exercise on both painting and photography.

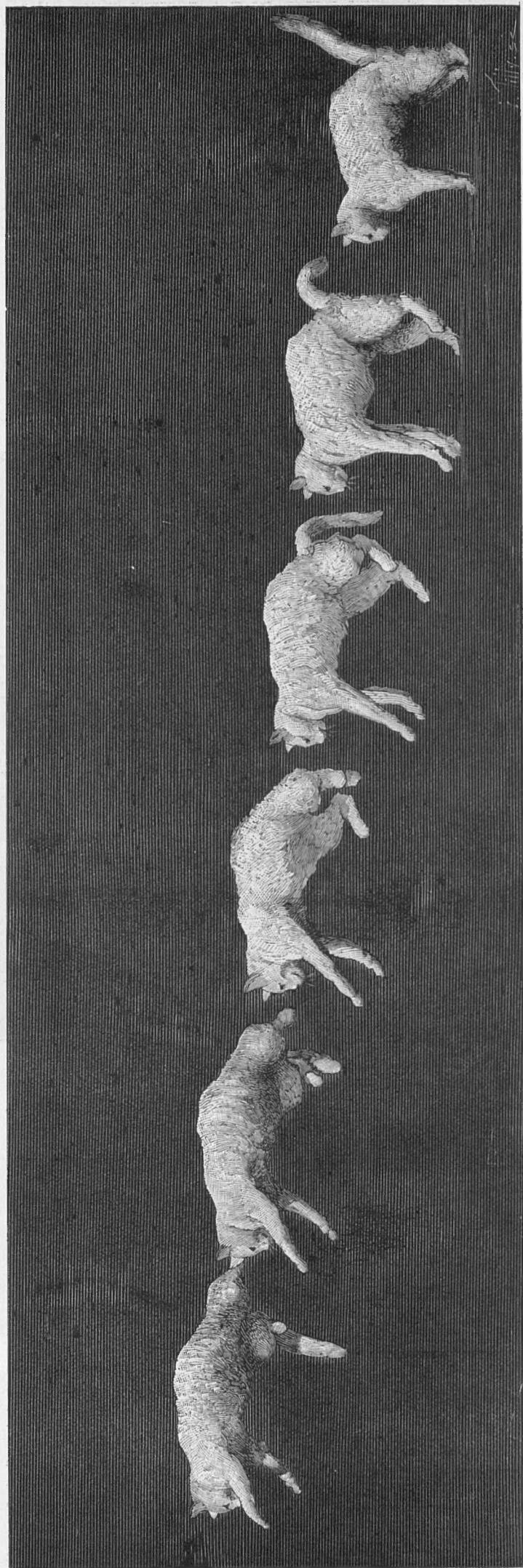
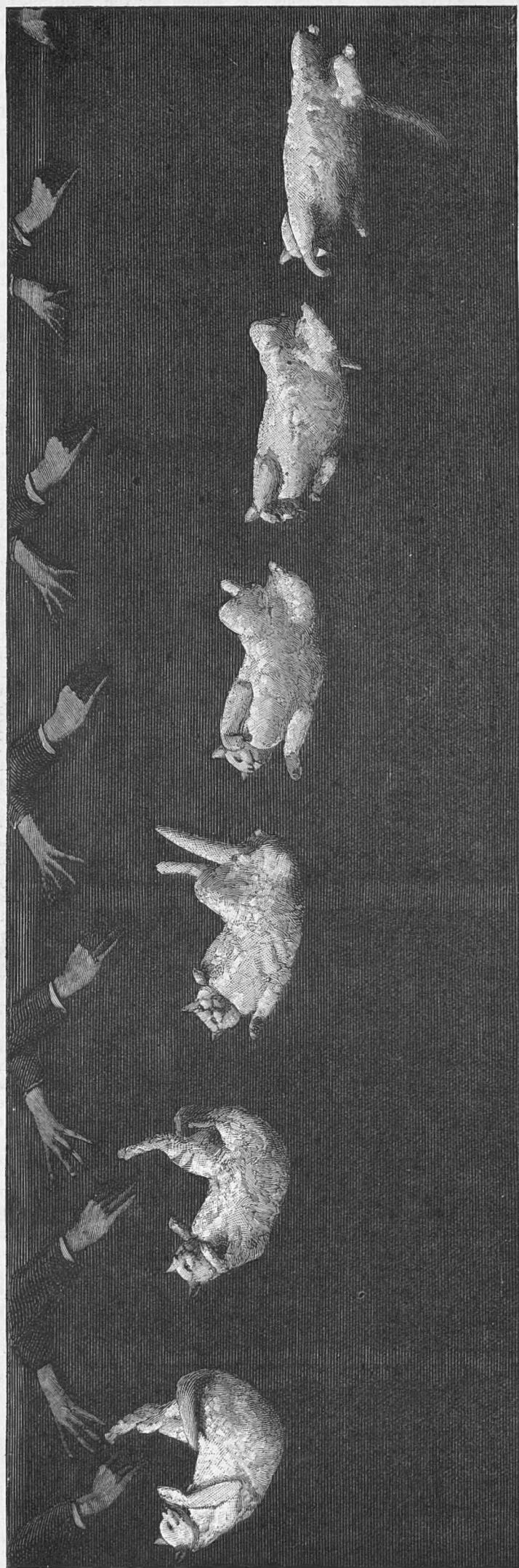


THE STEAMSHIP WAIRARAPA.

Union line, and was wrecked on Great Barrier Island on Sunday, Oct. 28, with the result that more than one hundred lives were lost.

I note with genuine satisfaction that "Guy Fawkes'" day, with its offensive displays of ignorance and barbarity, is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. I recollect the time when Suburbia was infested with alleged likenesses of the Spaniard, who went so near to creating what one of the late Maes used to call a "consturbance." They were not merely boys, bent upon making a few pence and a little noise, but men of the lowest class, who blackened their faces and did not scruple to threaten if money was not quickly forthcoming. They would carry a monstrous guy, which would be burnt in the evening to the accompaniment of obscene songs, bad language, and universal drunkenness. At some town in Sussex—Lewes, I believe—there is a great festival on Nov. 5, and so numerous are the bonfires that the insurance policies are said to be suspended on that date. Bridgewater is another town which indulges in a carnival in commemoration of the day, but in and round London on the famous day there were hopeful signs that common-sense is making progress. I believe that the effigy of a certain notorious lady was burnt in Hyde Park, and that the Hampstead Bonfire Club was busy, while the usual Deliverance Sermon was preached in the Church of St. Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside; but apart from these occurrences, the Fifth of November passed off quietly.

I have never heard Madame Albani to such advantage as on last Wednesday evening, when the Royal Society of Musicians celebrated its 156th anniversary. Westminster Abbey was crowded, and one could not resist wondering why Londoners so rarely have the opportunity



HOW A CAT FALLS ON ITS FEET.

FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. J. MARSH.

HOW A CAT FALLS ON ITS FEET.

The French Academy of Sciences, a branch of the august "Institute," has deemed it not beneath such dignity to discuss the question, "Why does a cat always fall upon its feet?" One remembers the early meeting of our Royal Society at which King Charles II., perhaps instigated by Buckingham, propounded the question, "Why does a live fish, put into a bowl of water, not weigh anything, whereas a dead fish does?" Indeed, some of the French savants who took part in the recent debate were inclined to doubt whether a cat does, in fact, always come down in the same way. But Dr. Marey, who has invented a special apparatus for instantaneous photography, exhibited, as illustrative of his lecture, the photographs of fourteen postures successively assumed by a white cat in its descent from a ribbon by which it had been suspended one mètre (nearly 3 ft. 4 in.) above the ground. We happen to know a cat which once fell off the roof of a house fifty feet high, and which certainly alighted in the garden upon its feet, since the only harm it got was a slight sprain of one fore-paw. The fact is beyond dispute; if nobody can guess how the cat will jump, everybody can tell how the cat will tumble, which very rarely happens. Dr. Marey has discovered the method by which this wise little beast, a wonderful instinctive equilibrist, arranges its supple body to reach the ground with the least possible mischief to its dear little self. Look at the illustrations supplied by his photographs, all taken within a small centesimal fraction of a second of time, and imperceptible to the human eye—like those exhibited by Mr. Muybridge, of Philadelphia, a few years ago in London, showing all the leg-movements of a galloping horse. The cat is first seen, hanging from the ribbon in which it lies, with its feet upward. Its back is still downward until the fourth position; in which it turns upon its right side, while stretching out its fore-legs, especially the left fore-leg, and drawing in its hind-legs, the effect of this being to increase the rotatory movement of the body, until, between position ten and position eleven, the back is uppermost, the head is well above the two fore-paws, which in the next position are well under the body, and which will strike the ground simultaneously, while the left hind-leg continues a little raised. These movements could be slowly and deliberately imitated by a swimmer in the water who had been floating on his back and chose to turn over into the posture of breast-swimming. The mechanical explanation is simply that the animal, by thrusting forward its left limb, shifts the centre of gravity of its whole body, so as to make it revolve upon the axis of the spine, until the feet touch the ground. A man could train himself to fall safely upon the outstretched hands.

NEWNHAM COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The memorial to Miss Clough, projected by the students shortly after her death, has taken the form of two fine bronze gates, which were erected at the beginning of this term, and on Saturday, Nov. 3, formally presented to the Council.

About sixty old students came up to the ceremony, which took place in the large hall, and the present students crowded the gallery. The meeting was opened by Mrs. Verrall, who briefly described the proceedings which had led up to this occasion, and spoke of the gates as a visible and beautiful memorial of the first Principal, with whose name the College must for ever be associated. Dr. Peile, the Master of Christ's College and President of the Newnham Council, replied in their name, and Mr. Basil Champneys, the architect of the college, gave a very interesting account of the gates, which cost rather over £700 in all, and are made of a special bronze, nine parts of copper and one of tin, combining great malleability and strength. A foundation of elegant scroll-work has been clothed with foliage of the old Greek conventional acanthus type, which seems to have been introduced into England from France about the end of the seventeenth century, and may be noticed in the gates at Hampton Court or in St. Alphege Church, Greenwich. From this character of foliage Mr. Champneys has produced a rich and striking design, admirably contrasted with a formal border made up of a series of sunflowers, chosen on account of Miss Clough's affection for the flower.

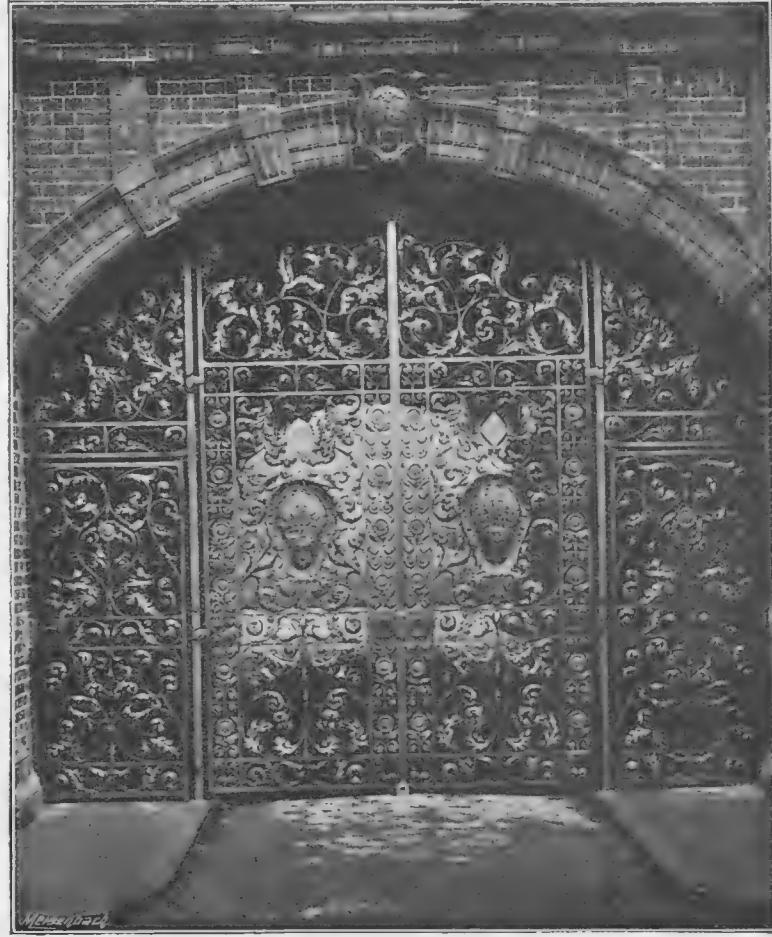
Mr. Elsley, of 32, Great Portland Street, has executed the work in perfect style, sparing neither trouble nor expense. Each leaf has been cut out of the sheet metal and embossed by hand, ten months having been spent over the whole construction. In the centre of each gate is a pear-shaped shield with the motto: "Anne Jemima Clough, *huius collegio prima praeuit, cuius in memoriam portas p.c. alumnae, Anno Domini MDCCXCIII.*" They stand beneath the archway of the new Pfeiffer Buildings, and complete the enclosure of the College grounds, which have been so much improved during the last few years.

THE FLAT AND THE "GENERAL."

Domestic delinquents, whether cat or cook, are threadbare subjects enough as conversational adjunct of the gossipy tea hour. Not so worn out, however, but that some members of the one and only sex still find harrowing household matters to gloat over when they meet. Now, without being altogether a New Woman, who naturally has a soul beyond such trifles as home and hearthstone, the servant subject is one, I maintain, which ought to be unspoken as it is unspeakable. Whenever a too feminine friend introduces her kitchen encounters, I gently insinuate that the theme has a middle-class flavour, for nothing so

alarms mediocrity as the risk of recognition, and to be set down as one of that unsplendid suburban nullity would disturb exceedingly the small soul of second-rate gentility. A reminiscence of some personal sorrows after all this, will, no doubt, seem previous or paradoxical or both; but, even at the risk of being labelled in turn, not elect, but electro-plate, I must outline the charms of my last "general" treasure. That one and indivisible "general"—how many impressionist studies have I made of her! One a month, at least.

Among the general servant there are so many species besides that absolutely perfect one of the advertising agent. The thievish, for instance, the thirsty, the light-fingered—not in pastry, but pockets—the tearfully bibulous, and the tipsily trenchant; a smutty slavey, who is chronically unwashed; or another genus, great at copying her mistress's hats, and with a failing for wandering handkerchiefs and fugitive hosiery. I had even come to think of doing for myself—not suicidally, but domestically—when a false friend said, in a playful hour, "Try Ireland." It sounded well, for there are racial possibilities here; and in a white-hot hope I imported Eliza McCarthy from the Island of Saints. She came with strong recommendations, which should have been to mercy, and began her campaign by an onslaught on the very cabman who had translated her from Euston. "An is it two shillin's ye're askin'? When I could dhrieve all over Dublin for sixpence! Not another penny will ye git, ye thief!" and etcetera, followed by total collapse and flight of the Jehu. Every



NEWNHAM COLLEGE GATES.

landing of every flat in the "mansion" was agog with titillating, white-capped maids over this opening incident, privacy being an unknown quantity in Flatland, and Eliza was promptly established as a character before she had even reached my exalted front door. With many possible but well concealed virtues, this new treasure had a well displayed tongue and temper, not to mention a voice which, when roused, made light of a one-brick wall. Hob-nailed boots were a specialty of hers, and smashing china a fine art. She snored briskly o' nights, and disdained early rising, on being taxed with which sundries she broke my best crockery to punctuate her displeasure. Even the modern improvements in which my flat rejoiced found no favour in her sight, electric light being unchristianly sudden, and the pneumatic bell a poor successor of the "dacent knocker." When a tradesman's boy saucily mocked her brogue she crowned him with inglorious saucepans, and had a fatal feeling for externals, to the extent of seating a well-tailored tax-collector in the drawing-room, while leaving somewhat seedy old Lord Killarney to the company of door-mat and knocker. "There's an old man askin' for ye, Mum, and he bid me giv ye this ticket," announced Eliza, the unfortunate nobleman's pasteboard between a black thumb and finger. That month end found me alive, indeed, but with imbecility looming large in the foreground. I broke it to the household that my condition required a change, and so consigned her to Ballybrough with chastened joy and her passage-money. "Tis meself is glad to be facin' home, thin," she confided kindly; "shure, when I tell 'em everything, and that they even weigh prates by the pound over here, instead of diggin' 'em up in the next field as they're wanted, they'll niver believe me, och, niver!"

INTERVIEW WITH MR. C. PROSPER SAINTON.

I was standing on a platform which was covered with a fur rug, in a small studio at the top of Colville Mansions. The room was papered with student sketches and reminiscences of a caravan trip through France, and every available chair became decorative with its load of pictures, bewitching glimpses of a coy Carmen peeping from a mass of white paper, or the head of a bepatched *demi-mondaine*, with laughing eyes. On a desk, littered with letters, lay a sketch of a ballet-dancer against a sheeny satin background, a peep of Hyde Park, with its green trees against a dull grey sky, floated to my feet, and in one corner,



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. C. P. SAINTON.

propped up against the wall, was some of the new work ready for the exhibition at the Fine Art Gallery, in its quaint drab-coloured frames.

Opposite, at a small wooden table, sat the artist at work.

"Are you ready for a little conversation?" I inquired.

He looked up. "I like my sitters to talk; if you talk, you won't look quite so wooden."

I ignored the insult.

"Are you really French or English?" I asked.

He replied, "I'm a mongrel—half French, half English."

"And your work?"

"Is mongrel also. I studied for five years at the Slade School under Legros; then I went to Florence for a year, and worked in Gordigiani's studio and at the Beaux Arts. After this came a visit to Paris, where I was under Lefevre and Boulanger for two delightful years—years full of feverish activity and enthusiasm, to which I owe much of my later inspirations—such as they are."

He paused, commanded me to move my head more to the left, murmured a courteous "Thank you," and continued.

"I had a splendid time in those student days in Paris. Of course, all the quarter's allowance from my father disappeared in a fortnight, and at first I was in despair. Then a poor little French model offered to sit for me for nothing. I painted twelve pictures of her, and we divided the proceeds—somehow, money went a long way in those days, and I had a very good time."

"What English artists were there then?" I asked.

"Oh! English artists. I saw more of the French. We used to visit the Chat Noir in the days when it was a regular rendezvous for the most clever and witty men of letters and young artists. The supper, including wine, was only one franc fifty per head, and we were surrounded by the most interesting collection of black-and-white caricature work in the world. We were permitted to assemble in the famous *salon* upstairs to discuss art."

"But—" I began.

The artist waved his brush, and waxed eloquent. "It was a wonderful place," he said, "from the two carved cats fighting to support the mantelpiece and the curious stained-glass window to the desk and the holy water stoop over the piano, which contained—toothpicks."

"Mr. Sainton, will you please—"

"You have heard," he continued, "of the career of a *demi-mondaine*, the picture showing a woman on the wings of a windmill, and the other with the cats of Paris fighting on the house-tops, or—"

I burst in at last.

"But I want to hear something about your pictures, your own pictures, and not the Chat Noir."

He looked reproach.

"There is so little which seems of interest to tell you," he said. "I am having these water-colours reproduced in colour, partly by process, partly by hand-painting, and I supervise and touch up each proof myself."

"Then the number of reproductions will be limited?"

"I think so."

"Do you have any amusing models here? Have you nothing to tell me about any of these ballet dancers or fairies, which I see all round me?"

"Amusing! How can they be amusing? They are strapped up in the needful attitude till they get cramp, and I let them down, or they faint, and I give them brandy. How can they be amusing?"

I instantly sympathised.

"I've got cramp," I announced.

"Then get down and sit by the fire, or come and look at these sketches, if it won't bore you."

I descended and followed him into another room to look at "The Dream of Summer," a large panel, 8 ft by 3 ft., representing a number of nude and draped figures floating on clouds. It is in line fresco painting, drawn by the brush in rose madder and yellow ochre, and reminded me of Mr. Sainton's late silverpoints in style.

"It is intended," he said, "to be the panel decoration for a boudoir, and it took me a month to paint. Have you noticed that I work on paper so brilliant that a white mount or a sheet of newspaper looks quite grey beside it?"

We returned to the studio, and I examined *une demi-mondaine*, a souvenir of Paris. A woman with red hair against a primrose background, and a larger picture, which was a mass of gold, out of which



A SILVERPOINT.—C. P. SAINTON.

appeared three misty figures carrying harps and golden books which was suggested by a woman's singing of Sir Arthur Sullivan's song "Ever." Then I remounted the platform, and hesitated when I contemplated some fresh questions, for the artist looked tired.

As I left I added, "Have you nothing more to tell me, Mr. Sainton?"

"I work very hard," he said, and glanced back at the portrait.

I was quite convinced about the cramp that time, and I fled.

MISS MARIE BREMA.

From *Photographs* by Höffert, Berlin.

Being the fortunate recipient of permission to call upon Miss Marie Brema, I made my way Kensingtonwards one very wet afternoon, and, finding Sussex Villas, was very soon cosily chatting with that most charming vocalist. Naturally, our conversation first turned upon her late triumphs at Bayreuth, triumphs testified to by the many immense laurel wreaths which still hang upon her walls. "The only ones I was able to keep," she said, regretfully; "all these baskets" (and surely there was a goodly pile in a corner) "were full of flowers once, but they will fade, though they always leave grateful remembrance. Do look at this" (a ribbon, blue and red, with long ends): "it was beautifully worked for me, with lines from the 'Parsifal,' by one of the chorus, and pleased me more than I could say."

Then there were piles of photographs of her fellow-artists at the great Wagnerian Festival, as well as numbers of her own, from which it was difficult to choose the best for reproduction, so I was content to be guided by Miss Brema, for, in my admiration for her, I seemed to forget that the "counterfeit presents" were in character, and in characters with which she loved to be identified. Three are as Kundry in "Parsifal," and one as Ortrud in "Lohengrin"; all are wonderful pictures, though, in face, distinctly unflattering to the original. Then our conversation fell upon music and musical surroundings, for this wonderfully energetic, bright woman has only been in her profession just three years, though she is to-day quite at the top of the tree. Her courage and determination seem to be as indomitable as it was in '90, when it became necessary for her to earn her living. First, Miss Brema turned to the dramatic art, and quickly sought the advice of Miss Ellen Terry, who assured her that she must serve an apprenticeship of some years before she could hope to take an important part with any credit. This did not suit her impetuous temperament, for she had vowed a private vow that ere twelve months had fled she would have "done something." "And," she exclaimed delightedly, "before that time had elapsed I had sung 'Orfeo' at the Shaftesbury for Signor Lago, and scored a great success."

Signor Lago had previously offered her several *rôles*, but the only other one she would accept was that of Lola in the "Cavalleria," one which she sang at Windsor and has since played to the Santuzza of Madame Calvé. Early in '91 Miss Brema began to study music under Mr. Henschel, and so rapid was her progress that within six months she was heard at a Monday "Pop"; but again the drama tempted her, this time in the guise of Mr. H. A. Jones, who, having heard her recite, begged her to undertake the part of Adrienne Lecouvreur at Oxford for him. She did, and in it achieved an almost unprecedented success; but her friends advised her so strongly to continue her musical studies that she placed herself in the hands of

Miss Bessie Cox, and, later, under Professor Blume, and in the autumn had the above-mentioned success. Since then she has created the *rôle* of Guinevere in "Elaine"; her Ortrud is well known here; her Brunnhilde is expected to be one of the best; and we surely hope some day to hear her Kundry, if not to see it.

As soon as she has fulfilled her English engagements, not the least important being at the recent Wagnerian Concerts, she will leave for New York, where she will play many *rôles* in the German opera season there. And she has also been specially asked by Mr. Damrosch to create the heroine in his opera, the book which is founded on Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter."

Genial and happy in her temperament, Miss Brema has the pleasantest of homes, and is devoted to her art, though probably she owes much of her charmingly vivacious manners and infectious enthusiasm



MISS MARIE BREMA.

to the fact that she was born and spent much of her childhood in the Emerald Isle, though her parentage is German, and she received her education almost entirely in the Fatherland.

After a cosy tea I made my adieu, wishing that every visit to a musical celebrity had as much of general interest in it.

H. T.



MISS BREMA IN "PARSIFAL."

The Lord Chief Justice was eloquent to pathos some days since in referring to the hidden kindnesses for which the Barristers' Benevolent Association is charitably responsible every year. Not many, perhaps, who send their sons to work in gown and horsehair realise how narrow is the way that leads to the Forum, and how comparatively few can talk themselves inside its portals. The man who makes his mark must wait, and his coveted opportunities of eloquence are generally long in coming. Meanwhile, a private income is an actual necessity, unless the aspiring orator has a large acquaintance among solicitors—and solicitors' daughters. Failing which advantages, he had better take a broom at any populous street-corner rather than a "Blackwood" as his *vade mecum* in starting life. When Lord Russell called attention to the fact that less than ten per cent. of members of the Bar interested themselves in upholding this excellent institution, he disclosed a state of things which should touch the consciences of many affluent orators. Look at actors: how generously the foremost, as well as the rank and file, uphold their professional charities; and even the glorious army of scribblers stick valiantly together. But the hapless briefless gentleman—"Too proud to beg, too honest to steal," as the old rhyme hath it—and there are, alack! too many of them—why should their busy brothers pass them unheedingly by? It is eloquent of the times that a larger amount was distributed in grants last year than since the foundation of the Association, twenty years ago. Funds and an increased subscription list are, therefore, both looked for.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Miss Emily Lawless is one of the not very numerous writers from whom we confidently expect good work. She has written nothing that has not been marked by fine workmanship, by imagination, and individuality. "Maelcho" (Smith, Elder), her new story, has not the uniform excellence of "Grania"; it has, indeed, the faults which the writer declares to be inevitable to the history of its composition, for the book was written not in response to one continuous impulse, but taken up and put aside as circumstances willed. It has, as she says in her dedication, got a little out of hand. "Begun as an adventure book pure and simple, this story has grown grimmer somehow, and more lugubrious as it went on. Ireland is in this respect a very misleading individual to follow. You imagine that you are hand in hand with an inconsequent, but, at any rate, a very lively, companion; and, having gone some little way under the delusion, you find, when you least expect it, that you have linked yourself to a Sibyl or a Niobe."

But "Maelcho" is more varied in its moods than "Grania"; however inevitably the melancholy creeps on towards the end, there is not the settled unrelieved gloom of that unquestionably beautiful but most cheerless of stories. It is a tale of long ago, of the sixteenth century, but there is wisdom in it for to-day. Yet whether politicians of either party could use it practically is another matter; it is of the kind that shows the difficulties and the devious paths rather than that which points along a straight sure road.

Mr. A. H. Miles is drawing to the end of his self-imposed and most valuable labours in compiling the series of delightful volumes entitled "The Poets and the Poetry of the Century" (Hutchinson and Co.). He has just published the volume devoted to the humorous poetry of the century, which will certainly be one of the most popular. In it are contained examples of Edward Lear, C. S. Calverley, Lewis Carroll, H. S. Leigh, J. K. Stephen—that brilliant son of a brilliant father, whose early decease was such a loss—Ashby Sterry, Austin Dobson, and several others. One is at first sight surprised to note the inclusion of names not usually linked with humour, such as Robert Buchanan, Sir Frederick Pollock, Robert Browning, S. T. Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt, to make a selection at random; but Mr. Miles quite justifies their place in this volume by the admirable quotations he has made from the works of these poets. There are 640 pages in the book, and capital biographical notices are given of every author, in which a great deal of new information is added. It is only just to add that some of the best biographies are from the pen of the editor himself.

Mr. Edward Vizetelly's translation of Alphonse Daudet's masterpiece, "Fromont Junior and Risler Senior," will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., of Paternoster Row, in a few days. The six-shilling edition is profusely illustrated with eighty-six engravings on wood from the drawings of George Roux, and there is, moreover, an *édition de luxe* limited to 100 copies at £1 1s., which contains twenty full-page etchings after the same draughtsman. This work was crowned by the French Academy as the best novel of its year.

Perhaps their preference for reality will be better satisfied by another of the Christmas gift-books, Miss A. M. Stoddart's "Sir Philip Sidney" (Blackwood). It is not intended for young people particularly, but there is nothing beyond their reach in this dignified and attractive recital of the doings and thoughts of the "veray parfit gentil Knight." The late Mr. J. A. Symonds and Mr. Fox Bourne have made many researches on the same subject, and Miss Stoddart's book has no wish to rival theirs. "She desires only to present the man as he appears, in a simple sequence of the episodes of his life, and to avoid as much as possible the historical and literary digressions, which, although essential to the more important works, are apt to divert the attention from their central figure." Miss Stoddart has presented her subject very attractively, and the publishers have made her book a remarkably pretty one. The illustrations, mostly of Penshurst, are by Mrs. Huggins, the wife of the distinguished astronomer.

"The Wrecker" and "The Ebb Tide" gave no very soft picture of the ways and characters of the dwellers and traders in the Pacific islands, especially of the white ones. But even these stories seem bowdlerised versions of reality beside Mr. Louis Becke's collection, "By Reef and Palm," in the Autonym Library (Unwin). The ferocity, the lawlessness, are recorded in his pages, not as if they were extraordinary or exceptional and picturesque, but in the most matter-of-fact, cold-blooded fashion. There is art, however, in the telling of them, and the curt matter-of-fact tone is part of it. There is no lengthy dwelling on horrors, but a vivid, rapid, and fearless statement of much that is rough and cruel on the one hand, and much that is inspiriting and fascinating to adventurous souls on the other.

"By Reef and Palm" is introduced by the Earl of Pembroke, who gives an interesting account of the author's adventures in the wandering life that has given him so many and strange experiences. "He is one of the rare men," says his introducer, "who have led a very wild life, and have the culture and talent necessary to give some account of it. As a rule, the men who know don't write, and the men who write don't know." Mr. Becke can write, and we hear he has a great deal yet untold. These stories, his first introduction to English readers—though, by-the-bye, it seems that the best part of Mr. Boldrewood's "A Modern Buccaneer" was from his hand—will create an appetite for more.—o. o.

A TRIPPING TRIPLET.

TEN MINUTES WITH THE SISTERS LEVEY.

Probably not one per cent. of the thousands who compose the London music-hall public realise the many homely virtues—patience, perseverance, punctuality, and pluck—of which the practice is necessary in the career of a successful artist. I could not help realising the truth of this (writes a representative of *The Sketch*) as I sat in the business-like little dressing-room of the Misses Levey at the Alhambra, and heard each of the beautiful, open-faced sisters tell in turn something of the sunshine and shadow of music-hall life.

"Of course, we started with a great advantage," observed one of my three hostesses thoughtfully. "We have belonged, so to say, to 'the profession' from our cradle, and feel thoroughly at home in a theatre. People have been foolish enough to say we are not sisters, but although there are two years between each of us, I wonder that anyone can look at us on the stage or off and not see the relationship between us."

"And have you always taken part in triple performances?"

"When we were children we played separately in pantomimes, and later, together with our fourth sister, the well-known guitarist, we formed a mandoline band, and took part in drawing-room entertainments and concerts. Our *début* at the halls took place on Sept. 19, 1887, at the Trocadero." "We were not then known as the Sisters Levey," chimed in another of the young ladies, "we were simply announced as 'Adèle, Carlotta, and May Lilian, in the new Musical Mélange,' and the 'turn' proved so successful that we have performed together ever since."

"Did you receive any special training?"

"Indeed, yes. Any girl who thinks she can sing or dance without proper training makes a sad mistake. We were taught dancing very thoroughly, and know every kind of step, from the old-fashioned ballet to the latest skirt-dancing. Then we also all studied elocution and acting. May Lilian, who played children's parts with Wilson Barrett for some years, was given by him the first prize for elocution in 1884."

"You make a great feature of your songs, I believe?"

"Well, we are fortunate in our voices, possessing between us a soprano, a mezzo, and a contralto. The public thoroughly enjoy hearing a good song; but, you know, everything depends on the way it is sung. Even a very trivial little ditty will become immediately popular if it is accompanied with a good tune and a bright delivery. Take, for instance, 'Three Simple Maidens,' one of our greatest successes"—

Behold three simple maidens, who have ne'er yet been in love,
As virtuous as the angels in the realms above.

We're in quest of partners for to steer us all through life,
Each one of us quite willing to become a loving wife.

Here is the chorus—

Three simple maidens looking out for beaus;
Three simple maidens with colours like the rose.

And so on. We are always on the look-out for new songs, but it is only fair to say that when one has become fairly popular, our audiences seem never to tire of hearing it over and over again. We often receive notes from people 'in front,' asking us to sing some old favourite."

"Do you find your audiences differ much from hall to hall?"

"The public are always very kind, and often we should like to give our London audiences a longer turn. In the provinces we have sometimes held the stage for fifty-five minutes, but so many turns have to be gone through in a London programme; we rarely perform more than ten or twelve minutes."

"Do you not find a certain sameness pervade your life and work?"

"Oh, no; there is a good deal of change about it. For instance, last year we went to France, and scored a great success at the Casino de Paris in our turn, 'The Boys of the Young Brigade.' The rough serge sailor clothes we wear in this performance are our favourite costumes," concluded Miss Adèle.

"Costume plays a great part in the success or failure of a turn," observed the youngest Miss Levey, thoughtfully. "Of course, skirts add greatly to the grace of one's appearance, and cover a multitude of sins, for the audience cannot tell whether a skirt-dancer really knows her steps; we none of us like performing in tights—a moderately short skirt is our ideal—but our little sailor suits are sweet!"

"And how did you like Paris?"

"So much so, that we are going back there next spring to play at the Nouveau Théâtre; we were delighted with our Parisian audiences, but we soon put an end to that odious *claqué*. Fancy caring for hired applause!" cried the three sisters with one voice.

"And are you preparing any new 'turns'?"

"We are always thinking of fresh steps and dances, but I think that for the moment we shall remain faithful to tried favourites." And after oft-repeated "Good-nights," the three pretty dancers disappeared into their neat little brougham, all three turns over, and going "home."

Everybody has heard of lady cyclists, and eke of postal and military cyclists, but a theatrical company travelling on wheels across a continent presents something of a novelty in this *genre* of up-to-datism. An American manager has made a bet of a thousand dollars that he will successfully conduct a band of players, each one of them using a cycle, right from New York to San Francisco. The drama round which this wheeling business is being written bears the title of "A Race for Life." The biggest journey between one "stand" and another, to use the Transatlantic term, will be 110 miles. It may be taken for granted that not very much scenery and properties will be "carried."

THE SISTERS LEVEY.

Photographs by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

TWO CONFIDENCES AND AN INTERVIEW.

BY NORA VYNNE.

"Well, I don't know, either, what she sees in me. I daresay she doesn't see anything in me; but she likes me. I do know that, because she's always in such good spirits when she's with me. We see a good deal of each other, don't you know? That sort of girl—an artist—no, she doesn't paint; she writes; they're all called artists; writing's an art just as much as painting, don't you see? I didn't either till she explained it. It's easy to understand things when a girl like that explains them. If you care more for the work you are doing than for the amount of money you get for it, you're an artist, whatever you do. If you care most for the money, you're a tradesman, whatever you do. She calls lots of painting and writing chaps tradesmen. Oh, yes, I'm a tradesman, because I make so much money. She says I'm not, because I wouldn't do anything shady or make greedy bargains. She says I'm an artist in honesty; but then she always says pleasant things. She has a natural gift that way. As I was saying, an artist can do things a mere society girl can't. One wouldn't ask the Bromley girls or old Wyatt's daughters to dine at a restaurant, for instance. They'd look at it in a different light. They'd be self-conscious, and then it would be improper. They wouldn't have anything to talk about, so one would be bound to make love to them. But this girl is different. Why, if we dined together every night of the year, we wouldn't be driven to make love, we're so well amused without it. We don't talk sentiment, because we have so much to say. She is so clever, you know. She has such smart ideas about things, and such a neat way of putting them. She always says something that you don't expect, and makes you laugh. Yes, and talk, too. Bless your soul! I talk. You mayn't believe it, but I do. I may be stupid with other women—women who don't give one a scrap of help; but with that girl to give me a lead I sometimes stumble on things really worth saying. I find I've got all sorts of ideas I didn't know of—jokes and things. It's like being drunk, and without the headache next morning, too. No, it's not a shocking way to speak about a lady, it's a compliment, if you'd understand it. I can get more excitement, more stimulus from that girl's talk and a glass of claret than I could from quarts of champagne with you or with the other sort of girls—Bromley or Wyatt sort of girls. Why, good Lord! when you've told the Bromley sort of girl she's pretty, there's nothing more to say. You've got to say you're fond of her to keep from sitting mum and looking like a fool. Oh! I don't deny that it's good enough fun hiding in a conservatory and telling a girl she's pretty and you're fond of her, as far as it goes; only it goes too far: either there's to be a marriage at the end of it, or someone comes and tells you you've been acting like a blackguard. Or you feel you have without anyone telling you, and I don't know but what that's worse. Now, with this girl there's no danger. She doesn't want to be married, so she won't be disappointed. Why, I've never yet got as far as telling her she's pretty. She never seemed as if that was what she

wanted me to say. Oh, I daresay she knows it. Why not? She's a lot prettier than heaps of girls who ain't clever. But she's such good company, it wouldn't matter if she weren't pretty. She is, though. Interesting, that's the right word. Her face changes when she talks. She's as good as a play. She makes me feel alive. I can't tell why she's so good to me: dining with me, and taking me about among her friends. Now, you, with your stiff, heavy dinners and dances in the suburbs, with your round-faced, pink-and-white, chaperoned sort of women, don't know what stunning parties these artist girls have. There's not much to eat and drink, but that don't matter: we always dine first. There ain't any chaperons there. They don't need chaperons to take care of them, because they know how to take care of themselves. I'd like to see the man dare take a liberty with one of them. No, they don't need chaperons to make matches for them either, for they ain't in such a beastly hurry to get married—they have other professions. Yes; that's one of her phrases. Oh, yes, they'd marry quick enough if they were gone on the man; she admits that, but not just for the sake of getting 'off,' or because their relations expect them to do well for themselves. They don't depend on their people, and their idea of doing well for themselves is becoming famous—laurel leaves, she calls it. I remember they used to put laurel leaves into puddings and things to flavour them. I told her that, and said laurel leaves were all very well for flavouring, but I should think they would be nasty to live on. She said, 'We don't live on them, we live for them.' Of course, they're not all as smart as she is. I've seen several of her friends, and I must own she's the brightest of the lot. Oh, you can laugh if you like; you think I'm in love with her—that's because you're an idiot. If I were in love with her I wouldn't talk about her; I just like her in a friendly way—as she likes me, likes to have me with her, and go about with her, instead of some of the men she meets in her friends' houses. Ah! that's just where you're wrong. They would like her to be as good to them as she is to me. I've seen enough of her friends to know that some of them are jealous of my luck. Poor beggars! I don't wonder—she is charming, charming! She is going to dine with me this evening and take me to a party. Bragging? I'm not bragging, only I can't help being pleased that such a girl takes so much notice of me. Oh! you may laugh; I don't mind. I tell you I'm more than pleased, I'm grateful—yes, grateful and proud; but I'm puzzled, too. What in the world can she see in me?

"No, Mary, I am not; for the matter of that, he is not going to ask me. I am not 'treating him badly'—at least, not in the sense you mean. I am not 'treating' him at all; he is treating me, if you come to that. Oh, that's the kind of idiotic thing I say to him, and he laughs and looks as if I had made three epigrams in a breath. Sometimes I say things as drivelling as that all the evening, and he calls it wit. He never knows the difference. A pun is as good as an epigram to a man who understands neither. He very rarely does understand what I say; but he always admires it. He generally laughs, even when I am not trying to be amusing. I take the laugh as an expression of pleasure simply.



"I've got all sorts of ideas I didn't know of—jokes and things."

If he laughs all the while we are together, I know that he is enjoying himself, and that is all I want. What am I driving at? Why, Mary, I believe I am telling truth. You wanted the truth when you began asking questions, didn't you? It's such a selfish taste. But you need not distress your good little heart about him. He's all right; he gets what he wants, for he only wants to have a good time. He gets good value for his money. Yes, that is what it comes to. He takes me out to dinner, and pays my cab fares, and in return I make him laugh.

"There is the truth, Mary. Do you find it pleasant now you have it? The king's jester—no, the fool's jester. So much the better for me. The king might be critical; the fool is very easy to please. I please him, and he feeds me.

"Yes, it has come to that with me, dear. It is not a question of getting a nice dinner—it's getting food at all. I don't ride in his cabs because I like a cab better than a 'bus, but because I haven't the 'bus fare, and I'm too tired to walk; besides, my shoes let in water.

"We dined at the Gaiety last night, before your party, and my feet were so wet! We had a lovely dinner. He thought it so clever of me

carelessly he spends money. I have to see him fling away on one dinner what would keep a woman comfortably for a week, and say nothing. I should like a cheap dinner and the difference so much better. And he gives me flowers. Flowers! Oh! yes, they are beautiful, and they are worth half-a-guinea to-day and nothing to-morrow. Think how irritating such waste is, when I want new shoes!

"You can't understand my doing such a thing? Well, perhaps you can't. There is just this little difference between you and me—that I have been tried and you have not. You wouldn't do it for all the world? No, nor I; but many a thing one would not do for all the world one would do for bread, if one were only hungry enough. Don't be hard on me, Mary; I only meant difference in our circumstances: you can just live; I can't. One does not do these things for luxuries. The gods you serve have not yet asked this humiliation from you. Oh, you know what I mean. It won't go into words without sounding like affectation, charlatanism. I wouldn't have done it for my life; but I did it for my work, my ideal, art, fame—call it anything you like. That horrible unknown god, who calls us out of our pleasant commonplace lives to serve him on our knees in the gutter, to work, paint, sing, or do



"You are too hard—you do not understand."

to like olives and know good wine from bad. The band was playing, and I pretended to tap the floor with my toes out of mischief to make some dreadfully common people at the next table, who were 'behaving well' very laboriously, think I was a vulgar person who liked the claptrap music the band was playing, but really I wanted to knock a little life into my feet. He said, "What spirits you have!" There's something almost sacred in such extreme simplicity; I always want to kiss him when he says things like that. I wonder what he would have said if he had known how cold my feet were? He always thinks me quite well dressed. You see, I never stop talking long enough for him to notice my clothes. It's a useful trick to flash out an epigram to distract attention from one's gloves. Oh, I am so tired of it all! I laugh, and talk, and strain myself to be amusing, and he thinks it all spontaneous lightness of heart. He thinks all clever people are good company. He doesn't know many clever people; that's why it's such a treat to him to pay for my dinners and cabs.

"Why didn't I borrow from you rather than do this? Thanks, girl dear; perhaps when I have paid you what I owe you already I will. Do you think I didn't know you couldn't afford to get your teeth done by a good man because I hadn't paid you? You had to go and be tortured economically in the Edgware Road. He is rich; he doesn't miss what he spends; why, it sometimes makes me angry to see how

whatever work is in us, that he, or we, or the world, or something we don't understand, may be the better for it. I wouldn't have done it before I was ill, Mary; it takes health as well as virtue to be quite good. You know what the doctor said when I was ill: if I broke down again I was done for. And to break down now—now—just when the tide is turning! You know what the *Spectator* said of my last stories—and I have it in me to do better. The papers spoke of genius; compared me to great men—me—me! I have the power in me to be great, too—to be part of the life of the world. And to lose it all just for want of a little bread and meat! Die out, wasted, lost! No; I will not die, but live, and do the work that is in me to do. And Mary, my dear, you have no notion how much better I do my work next day when I have been having Chablis and oysters. Perhaps it's the phosphorus. I wonder if it would do as well to rub one's head with matches.

"Well, it's over now, at any rate. I sha'n't be able to do it any more. Why, yes, of course. You don't suppose I should have been confessing if I hadn't been found out, do you? I should have had no right to make you uncomfortable with the knowledge of my misdeeds. Besides, it wouldn't have been so disgraceful if I'd kept it to myself. I might have pretended I went about with the man because I liked him, and afterwards have persuaded myself that I had tired of him, or he might have tired of me, or fallen in love with a girl of his own set.

No one would have been much hurt. As it is, you are shocked and I am ashamed. And he, well, I don't quite know about him; only last night, when we came away from your house, I was tired, very tired. I wanted to lie back in the cab and cry; but I had to talk and laugh to please him. I didn't think he could see me; but we passed a brightly-lighted public-house, and I saw he was looking at me. He seemed very much surprised. He said, 'Please don't talk any more.' When we reached my door, he was going away without saying 'Good night.' I asked him if he were coming round this evening. He said, 'I don't know; I want to think about it.' I wonder what he is thinking about it?"

She saw from his face as he entered the room that he had thought the matter over and understood it. The conventionally outstretched hand dropped to her side. She stood silent, waiting for his reproaches. They came without a word of preface. He spoke almost before he came to a standstill in the room, the moment his eyes had covered her face and figure. He never noticed the other girl in the chair beside her, or paused for comment or answer.

"You had no right to do it. It was a horrible thing for a woman to do—a good woman—a lady. I have thought it all over. I saw your face last night, and the weariness in it, while you joked. I shall never forget that joke; it will be the most horrible thing in all my life. You turned away, aching with weariness, laughing to amuse me, to pay me for what I did for you—keeping it up, keeping it up till you got into your own bed at night, and cursed me under your breath because you were sick of me. What right had you to do it, to force such a hard bargain on me? Your pretty laughter and new way of speaking of life and people, all the things you said to make me laugh! I paid such a little for my laughter; you sold your wares so cheap! My God! a dinner, a cab fare, gloves on your birthday, flowers now and then, and I had so much in return. I thought it was given. I was glad enough of the gift. God knows I wasn't ungrateful, but if you were selling it you should not have sold it for so little. Do you know what you might be called? A common woman might have done what you have done. Do you know what you have made of yourself? Do you know what you have made of me?—a niggard, a Jew, a driver of cruel bargains, taking precious things for a trifle—I, that thought I was your friend.

"I am such a rich man—I have thousands—it was nothing to me what I spent, and you worked so hard for it. How tired you must have been! Perhaps you were always as tired as you were last night. It was horribly cruel of you. I can't forgive it. I have money with me to-night, a great deal. I thought I would bring it, and throw it down in your room, and say, 'If I pay you, I have a right to pay you well.' But I can't do that. I thought all the while I shouldn't be able to do it. You are such a lady, so very pure and good, you didn't even notice what I said just now, when I insulted you. I thought you would change colour, but you didn't. I was so happy. I liked it all so much. The sound of your voice, the sparkle in your eyes when you were going to say something funny, the queer twist in your lips when you smile. Perhaps that was because it hurt you to smile for payment, the pain made your smile so piquant. What exquisite things I have had from you, your misery twisted into a smile! That thing you once quoted—I didn't understand it; I do now. 'The bay-leaf that wants chafing to be sweet.' You were broken and crushed for me, and that was the fragrance. I thought you liked me. I knew that I was slow and stupid, and wondered you liked me before other men—clever men of your own sort, who would have understood you. I noticed that you did not laugh and jest with the other men at the party last night; you did not say brilliant things; your face was quite quiet and grave. I thought that was because you liked me best, and were looking forward as much as I was to our ride home together. And then I saw your face in the cab—I am glad I did not understand at once, it is better to learn such things as this slowly."

She stood listening—not answering, not trying to answer—with her face set to hear to the end. Her friend spoke a feeble word for her.

"You are too hard; you do not understand. You say you are a rich man—you cannot measure the temptations of poverty."

"Can I not?" he said. "That's strange, when I have been taught so plainly, when I have seen that girl sell her pride for such a little payment. No one will call me stupid now, I should think. I know so much, I could write a book myself if I only knew how. I haven't the artistic temperament. Isn't it that makes people care so little how they hurt others? I shall never get over it, and there is no help for it. This money I have with me—all this money—she wouldn't take it from me frankly and openly, because she doesn't like me; really, we are not friends as I thought. At first, I thought I would offer to marry her. I should have more of her then, but, at least, I should pay her better. But I found I couldn't do it. Then I thought of making my will and shooting myself, and paying her that way; but I couldn't shoot myself, either. At the last one finds one believes in God and dare not. There is nothing to be done. I must go on bearing this always. I shall eat and drink every day and sit in a warm room, and think of her and wonder how she's getting on, and remember that because I was so very rich and she so poor I had her to amuse me for a trifle."

That was his last word. She knew it would be his last word when the door closed behind him. She stood a moment, a little stunned, still, and dizzy.

"Mary, you heard it all?" she said.

"Yes," said Mary.

"Did you understand it? I didn't. I shall presently, I daresay. Mary—did I deserve it all?"

"I'm afraid you did," said Mary, beginning to cry.

MISS MARIE CASANO.

The mention of Miss Marie Casano's name at once recalls to the writer the memory of a delightful afternoon reception given by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, the well-known novelist. With her accustomed good-nature, Mrs. Clifford had given an opportunity to M. Ben-Tayoux to introduce a comic opera to the notice of several musicians. Truth to tell, it was slightly a weariness to the flesh to listen to the French composer's clever music, rendered, as it was, "with maimed rites," for it is not easy to supply with the imagination all the movement and colour of an *opéra-bouffe* when one only hears the composer playing on a grand pianoforte in a crowded London drawing-room, even though he energetically render a running vocal accompaniment. Therefore, it was with exceeding relief and delight that the audience



Photo by Medrington, Bold Street, Liverpool.

MISS MARIE CASANO.

listened to the bright, resonant voice of Miss Marie Casano, who gave the soprano music with so much ability as to make one oblivious of the disadvantages of the situation. Through the windows came the dull, monotonous sound of distant traffic, but that was not enough to spoil the charming rendering which Miss Casano gave to her rôle, studied, as I was told, at short notice. When I add that her features are no less pleasing than her voice you will understand that the afternoon was chiefly remarkable for her triumph. Miss Casano is the granddaughter of the General of that name, who was Governor of Figueras. She was born in England, where already she has made many friends in audiences at Torquay, Brighton, Scarborough, Eastbourne, and other places. She has a very excellent method, and those who have heard her sing the "Jewel Song" from Gounod's "Faust," "Sing, Sweet Bird," or Tosti's "Venetian Boat Song" will readily assent to the praise which she has deservedly earned. Her *forte* is evidently light opera, in which, doubtless, she will soon have an opportunity of shining.

w.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

TO AUTHORS AND OTHERS.

It is particularly requested that no further poems or short stories be sent to *The Sketch*, as the Editor has a supply sufficient to last him well into the twentieth century.



A CHARMING TRIO.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE FAREWELL AT THE STATION.

Train at Main Line departure platform. Heads out of every window; small crowd to see the heads go off. Engine, knowing it has to leave in ten minutes, is taking a good square meal of coals.

YOUNG LADY (on platform). Well, good-bye, 'Arryut. (They kiss.) Remember me to all, won't you?

HARRIET (in carriage). I won't forget. (Waggishly.) Give my best love to your friend, Mr. Thing-me-bob, when you see him.

YOUNG LADY. Oh, that's a likely thing.

HARRIET. It won't hurt him.

YOUNG LADY (knowingly). I'm not going to run the risk. Young men are too scarce nowadays. When you do get them they want looking after.

HARRIET. Oh, I never trouble my 'ead about young men. If they want me they have to come and fetch me. (Sighs.) I don't suppose for a moment I shall ever get what you may call reely engaged.

YOUNG LADY (with optimism). Oh, nonsense.

HARRIET (determinedly). It's a positive fact, dear. Good-bye!

YOUNG LADY. Oh, Mr. Right'll turn up some day. You never know what's going to 'appen in this world. At the same time, I do think, as I say, that it's your duty to keep an eye on the young gentleman you're engaged to.

HARRIET. Ah! I daresay they want a lot of watching. (Looks at clock.) I suppose we shall 'ave to be saying good-bye soon.

YOUNG LADY (confidentially). Now you take my case.

HARRIET. Which do you mean, the tin box?

YOUNG LADY. Don't be so seely, 'Arryut. (Annoyed.) Do, for goodness' sake, let me finish what I'm saying, and don't play the fool. Well, this was how it was with that Miss Barnes you've 'eard me speak of. Me and her used to be in the same shop, you know, and we got on very well for a time, and she was very agreeable in her manner, and lent me 'airpins and her shoe-orn and what not, but—well, I can see now; it was all her artfulness. And one day I introduced her to him. You understand who I mean, don't you? Well, as you know, he's very quiet, but, at the same time, I must say he's a perfect gentleman.

HARRIET. He is quiet.

YOUNG LADY (offended). Well, don't I acknowledge he's quiet? I just said so. I don't deny it for a moment.

HARRIET (soothingly). All right, dear, all right. Go on with your tale. There isn't much time.

YOUNG LADY (half mollified). But you do put anybody out so. Where was I? Oh! I know. Well, I introduces her to him. What does me lady do but begin to carry on with him like anything.

HARRIET (casually). What a shame!

YOUNG LADY. Begins talking about books, you know, and (in whining tone) "'Ave you read so-and-so?" and "What d'you think of so-and-so?" and—well, it made me mad, I tell you. So after he was gone, I talked to her, and she took up such a 'igh and mighty attitude you can't think; so I says to her, I says, "Come off the roof," I says, and I says—

HARRIET. What time is it by the clock?

YOUNG LADY. Well, I didn't say much, you know; but what I did say was to the point. I give it to her *very* straight.

HARRIET. I wonder why the train don't start?

YOUNG LADY. And after that we scarcely so much as spoke. But this was the best of it: he ups and asks about her several times; so, of course, at last (*genially*) I had to make up something about her just to keep him quiet.

HARRIET. Course you did, dear. You won't forget to write, will you? We shall have to begin to say "*Au rever.*" (They kiss again.)

MATURE LADY (to elderly lady over HARRIET's head). I say—I say; you must try and get there all right. I hope there won't be an accident.

ELDERLY LADY (in carriage, much concerned). I hope not, I am sure. Do you think it's at all likely?

MATURE LADY. Well, it's a long time since there's been a serious one. After all (*resignedly*), what is to be will be. That's the way I always look at it. Have you got your bag of caraway-seed biscuits?

ELDERLY LADY (nervously). Yes; I've got them.

MATURE LADY (relenting). Oh! then I expect you'll be all right. I shall send the girl out for a paper in the morning just to see. If anything should happen, the papers are pretty sure to get hold of it. They don't miss much. I only hope the engine-driver's sober. That's the great thing, isn't it? Good-bye!

ELDERLY LADY. Well, I half wish I hadn't got to go now.

MATURE LADY. They tell me you're safer—

ELDERLY LADY. What say?

MATURE LADY (raising her voice). They tell me you're safer if you're in a carriage in the middle of the train. (Looking along train.) Your carriage is quite at the end. Good-bye!

[Stout, cross mother, with several packages, has been assisted by youthful daughter.]

STOUT, CROSS MOTHER. Do, for goodness' sake, Amy, give me the bonnet-box this minute. You're enough to try the patience of a saint, upon my word if you ain't. Give me the bonnet-box.

AMY (her daughter). Why, you've got it up there on the rack, mother.

CROSS MOTHER. Well, why couldn't you say so before, and not stand there like a—really, Amy, you make me say things that I should never think of saying otherwise. 'Ave you got the latch-key all right?

AMY. Yes, mother.

CROSS MOTHER (*unsatisfied*). Let me see it.

[AMY produces the key.]

CROSS MOTHER (*disappointed*). You are an aggravating girl, if ever there was one!

AMY (stolidly). Have you got your ticket, mother?

CROSS MOTHER. Course I've got my ticket. Nice thing for a girl to say to her own mother, I'm sure. (Bitterly.) Have I got my ticket, indeed! When I was a girl I should no more dare have said that to my mother than—(Pauses. Searches in purse.) I do believe I left it at the window of the ticket-office. Run back this minute, Amy, and see.

[AMY runs to booking-office. Returns swiftly with ticket.]

AMY. Here it is, mother.

CROSS MOTHER (warningly). That just shows you how careful you ought to be if you ever go travelling, Amy. Now give me a kiss and be a very good girl, and I'll bring you 'ome (*hedges*)—and p'raps I'll bring you 'ome a mug or something. I shall be back a Tuesday, and mind you—

[Continues directions.]

[In next compartment three cheerful youths are seeing off another cheerful youth. They fence with elaborate walking sticks.]

GUARD. Careful, gentlemen. Look out for the glass.

FIRST CHEERFUL YOUTH (giving him threepence). You look out for the glass, Guard. (Turns to SECOND CHEERFUL YOUTH in carriage.) I say, old chap, that wasn't so dusty, was it? And I say, old boy—

SECOND CHEERFUL YOUTH (aged at least eighteen). What's the row?

FIRST CHEERFUL YOUTH. Don't go chaffing the girls too much down at that place, you know.

SECOND CHEERFUL YOUTH. My dear old boy, I simply can't help it. I didn't tell you that rather smartish thing I said at the dance the other night, did I?

OTHER CHEERFUL YOUTHS (anxious to learn). Tell us.

[SECOND CHEERFUL YOUTH relates involved anecdote, all redounding to his personal credit. Other youths much diverted.]

FIRST CHEERFUL YOUTH (with unconcealed admiration). By Gad! old chap, they don't get such a corker as you to talk to every day of the week. You take the entire confectioner's shop, you do.

SECOND CHEERFUL YOUTH (modestly). Well, I don't think there's many can get the bulge over me. I'm pretty fly.

[PORTERS close the doors. GIRLS make final peeks at each other's lips through open windows.]

GUARD (with much show of indignation). 'Ere, what 'ave I done, Miss? Ain't I on in this scene?

GIRLS (giggling). Go along with you!

[GUARD going along with himself, holds up lamp and takes whistle in hand.]

PORTERS. Stand away there, please. Stand away from the train. Now, then (with show of acerbity), will you or will you not stand away?

INSPECTOR (to GUARD). What do you make it, James?

[GUARD inspects immense watch with aid of lamp.]

GUARD. Nigh as a toucher, Sir.

INSPECTOR. Let her go.

[GUARD whistles. Train starts.]

ALL. Good-bye, dear, good-bye. Shut the winder if you feel a draught.

Mind your hat. Don't you go and lose your hat, whatever you do.

Sit with your back to the engine, mind.

Be careful as you get out of the train, dear.

YOUNG LADY. Don't forget to write, 'Arryut, and let us know how you get on. Goo'-bye. I expect I've kept him waiting, but he's very quiet and gentlemanly, and—

SECOND CHEERFUL YOUTH (facetiously). I say, old chappie, I'll get that out of pawn for you all right. You gave me the ticket, didn't you?

CROSS MOTHER. And mind you wash up the tea-things the moment you get 'ome, Amy, or else I'll—

[Exit train. Red lights on rear of train wink in darkness and disappear. FAREWELLERS wave handkerchiefs once more and sigh and go.]

PORTERS (counting gains). And now for a quiet 'arf pipe.—W. P. R.

FATHER THAMES.

There is considerably more mud than poetry about Father Thames in November, as all who dwell on the fancied haven of his banks at this time of year can abundantly testify; and the case of him whose house is not safely over all possible inflations of the river-god's humour is sad indeed. Only a few nights since, when snorefully slumbering off a heavy day's excitements, I was dragged back to horrid sublunar realities by certain swishing sounds around my four-poster, which are not exactly usual to the dreamer on dry land. There was no possible use trying to persuade myself that I was still yachting, for that trip round the coast was over weeks ago, so I sat up in bed and faced the situation. A river, an overflowed river, by all that was nautical, in the best bed-room of my *bijou* bungalow! I hopped out of bed and made desperately for the roof, from where a swollen cataraet, recruited by Hogg's Mill River, raced merrily along. By-and-bye the billows abated, and I went down to find that the waters were gone indeed, as Moore says, but had left a liberal souvenir behind in the form of evil-odoured mud.



MISS ETHEL ROSS-SELWICKE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

A CHAT WITH "LA BAIGNEUSE."

The contrast between the murky atmosphere of outdoor London on an autumn afternoon and the seductive comfort of exquisitely-furnished rooms was vividly brought home to me as I entered Miss Ross-Selwicke's flat in New Bond Street. A graceful figure, clad in the flowing draperies of the picturesque invalid, rose to greet me.

"You are prettier than ever, Miss Selwicke," said I, and I meant it.

"What, with this awful cold? I can't get rid of it, and I haven't been able to go out of doors for a week, much less to dance."

"What a shame! Let's sit nearer the fire while you tell me something about yourself."

"I made my first appearance in Mr. H. J. Leslie's pantomime, 'Cinderella,' at Her Majesty's Theatre, at the age of sixteen. From there I went to the Lyric Theatre for the production of 'La Cigale.' Then I went to New York to play the part of 'La Frivolini' in that opera."

"Did you make a success?"

Miss Selwicke rippled a little laugh. "You ought to know better than I—you tell me you saw the piece there a dozen times or more."

Which was true; and Miss Selwicke worked up the part so cleverly that her dance in the last act became the chief feature of the piece, and was always certain of a double encore.

"Do you remember the dress you wore?" I asked.

"Ah, it *was* pretty, wasn't it? Let me see, there were roses with long stems hanging down from the shoulders and waist, and—" but here followed a mass of feminine technicalities which are quite beyond me.

"How did you like America?"

"I liked it very well on the whole."

"What pleased you most?"

"The fire-engines! They are so stimulating to the nerves; one or two went past my hotel every day."

"Then you came back to England?"

"Yes; and after a holiday I joined the 'Gaiety Girl' company. I had a dance in the first act, as well as a share in the 'Jimmy on the chute' number. Then one day a chance remark of Mr. G. R. Sims suggested the idea of 'La Baigneuse.' Mr. Ivan Caryll agreed to write the music, and the result was the little sketch in which I am appearing at the Palace Theatre. You know the story, of course? A nymph—"

"A beautiful nymph," I suggested.

"—has just finished her bath, and is making herself as pretty as she is able, using the water of the fountain as a looking-glass. A bronze statue of Pan begins to play upon his pipes, and the nymph is irresistibly

compelled to dance to the music, and finally rushes into the arms of the statue, and they both disappear into the water together."

"It is a very pretty idea."

"Yes; I believe it is the first time that an English actress has combined pantomime, dancing, and music."

"I expect you are very fond of music, aren't you?"

"I am devoted to it, and until this wretched cold of mine came on I have been seriously studying singing. Music expresses as much as words, and more than most. I don't believe in too much talking."

"Who is your dancing-master?"

"Mr. John D'Auban: there is nobody like him, and I don't believe there ever will be. He is so painstaking and patient. He is arranging



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS ETHEL ROSS-SELWICKE.

my next sketch, which will be on a larger scale, and will play nearly twice as long."

"What is the subject?"

"I shall be a Circassian dancing girl—Kasmir by name—and the music has been written by Mr. Byng, the assistant conductor at the Empire." And Miss Selwicke crossed the room to the piano, and played me a quaintly pretty Oriental melody, which is the principal motive in the sketch. "There will be three or four other characters beside myself, but there will be no dialogue. We do the pantomime, and the music does the rest."

"After the new sketch has appeared, what are your plans?"

"I have none, except that I want to remain in London. I feel that I have really made something of a success, and am convinced that the only way to get on is to work as hard as possible, and to keep oneself incessantly before the public. If one goes away, one is soon—so soon—forgotten."

"I suppose there are people who wish to entice you abroad?"

"Yes; I have just had an offer from M. Marchand, of the Eldorado and Folies Bergères Theatres in Paris, of a three-months' engagement at a salary of £50 a week. You see, some of the French papers noticed 'La Baigneuse' very favourably. Look at this—and Miss Selwicke gave me a copy of *Le Matin*. 'They call me a 'gracieuse et charmante miss.' That's very nice of them, isn't it?"

"Yes; and praise from such a paper is praise indeed. The more the French people copy our customs, the more the French papers hate us."

"I have also had an offer to go to America for eight months at the same salary."

I rose to go, but Miss Selwicke said, "Oh, you must wait a minute and see my terrier. M. Richard, who has trained the wonderful performing dogs at the Palace Theatre, gave him to me." When the little terrier appeared he went through various tricks, such as walking on his head and jumping; then, in answer to my blandishments, he made a violent attack upon me with teeth and paws, which, I hope and like to think, was only the effusiveness of affectionate regard.

G. B.

Photo by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS ETHEL ROSS-SELWICKE.



A GREAT PASTELLIST.*

The new life of the eminent pastellist, John Russell, R.A.—practically the only life of that artist—by Dr. George Williamson, is a book which has been the evident fruit of much labour and much conscientious care. John Russell as a public character was perhaps not very interesting; in fact, he made himself uninteresting of set purpose. He preached his religion to everybody whom he met with such persistence that it was perhaps no great wonder that, apart from his own domestic circle, his friendship with his contemporaries was not remarkable. Yet, as an artist, even his great contemporaries reckoned him among themselves, although it appears that he lectured them generally upon their morals, that, if he did not actually speak, he plainly showed that he did not like their conversation, and that he embraced every unfavourable opportunity to pursue his labours of rescue.

It was natural then that, unless some record of the man himself (apart from his public appearances), some revelation of his personality could be discovered, his life should go unwritten. But a very curious revelation of that personality has been laid bare to the research and industry of Dr. Williamson, who has laboriously contrived to read the cypher of John Russell's shorthand diary—a method invented by one Dr. Byron, and long since discarded in favour of simpler and more rapid methods of shorthand—and has thus contrived, by the publication of suitable extracts, to write the only biography extant worth considering of an artist who was truly and unmistakably great. For Russell's strong and sterling personality deserved this record of itself, and the private diary now made public gives to it that deserved record. We cannot confess to having a very great kindness for Russell, as his character is faithfully portrayed in these pages; he lacked generosity of spirit, and he stinted his character too austere to attract the love of the common worldling, such as we confess ourselves to be. His surroundings, from the human point of view, were somewhat unlovely. But an extract may illustrate this more convincingly than mere comment—

My poor mother (he writes) came up with me to-night when I went to bed, and charged me to say nothing about my religion to the servants or anybody here, which I absolutely refused to comply with, and answered, on the contrary, "I am resolved, whatever may be the consequences, to speak all I possibly could." She spoke dreadful blasphemous words against the Old Testament, on which I answered her most dreadfully severe, pronouncing bitter curses, denying her being a Christian as much as the Devil himself.

And he somewhat complacently records in another place that his father, "in anger against my narrowness, said he would not serve such a God."



MRS. BONAR, OF CAMDEN PLACE. (1805.)

Dr. Williamson very pertinently adds: "One is disposed to sympathise with the father, and to pity him with a son of such narrowness of views and stern obstinacy of purpose."

Such, then, in brief, was the man, and he preserved this stern, uncompromising attitude towards religion down to the end. Of his art,

it is fortunately possible to speak with brighter effect. Russell had, before everything else, a beautiful style. The traditions which fashioned Sir Joshua's art into results so great were responsible also for the art of Russell. He was moulded in a great school, and he was not unworthy of that school. His portraits possess a singular sweetness and distinction. He was, perhaps, more successful in his portraits of women than men for this reason. In the pastel of a young man, for instance, belonging to Lord Ronald Gower (who contributes an introduction to Dr. Williamson's book) the beauty is almost effeminate. This volume itself contains a very large collection of portraits by Russell, collected with the greatest diligence from every conceivable quarter, while the indexes of all the known examples of Russell's art are extremely valuable.

We may, therefore, honestly and frankly congratulate Dr. Williamson upon the production not only of an artistically valuable, but also of a humanly interesting work. He does not strive after any particularly brilliant effects of style, but it is by the careful and lucid arrangement of his material, and his letting Russell for the most part tell his own story, which make the book exactly what it must be praised for being—a thoroughly adequate biography. In the second edition, to which the book will assuredly come, one or two minor errors of language might be cleansed from its pages; an "and who" upon p. 78 might be looked to, and Dr. Williamson is not above the use of the "detestable split infinitive." And why, on p. 23, should a *sic* be added to Lord Chesterfield's perfectly correct expression, "Anacreon, Horace, and Cicero lie upon your table." Surely Dr. Williamson is not so Byronic as to wish that elegant nobleman had written "lay"!

THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME.

(A JESTER'S SONG.)

"You can't have May
For aye," they say.
So be it! What care I?
When May is fled
Comes June instead,
And after June—July.
Then Summer goes,
And Autumn throws
O'er all a russet pall:
The Seasons fly,
But what care I?
Why, bless you, not at all—
Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring.
See them waltzing round the ring!
Round the ring!

Oh!

A merry jig, a merry jig,
A very pantomime,
Is the hurly-burly whirligig,
The whirligig of Time.

If Fortune frown,
Look up—not down!—
The clouds'll clear away:
These April show'rs
They bring the flow'rs,
The fresh, sweet flow'rs of May.
But if she smile,
Beware her guile;

Dame Fortune is a jade!
You'll get your share
Of foul and fair,
Of sunshine and of shade.

Summer, Autumn, Winter, Spring,
See them waltzing round the ring!
Round the ring!

Oh!

A merry jig, a merry jig,
A very pantomime,
Is the hurly-burly whirligig,
The whirligig of Time.

MARK AMBIENT.



HARRIET MASSINGBERD. (1791.)



CZAR NICHOLAS II. AND HIS BRIDE-ELECT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.



PHYLLIS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. CHANCELLOR, DUBLIN.



JAPANESE BELLES.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

The galleries are now opening their winter leaves to the absent sun, and, among others, the Society of British Artists well deserve some mention for the excellence of their exhibition this year. Sir Frederick Leighton is the most important and prominent exhibitor, sending, as he does, a series of very beautiful studies for his better-known pictures. The President, indeed, excels in study more exquisitely than he does in the finished picture, and these specimens of his unpremeditated art are in many instances very striking and effective. It is Sir Frederick Leighton without his stiffness, without his self-consciousness, without any of the *fixture*, so to say, which are the chief faults of the final canvas.

Here, for example, are the original designs for the colouring of "The Spirit of the Summit," "Rizpah," "The Bracelet," and other works

which have been exhibited in recent years at the Academy, and it must be acknowledged that the first thoughts of this most distinguished artist are, in many instances, more inspiring than the final and laboured achievements. Sir Edward Burne-Jones also contributes a "Portrait Study" to the same gallery, the portrait of a girl who by no means belongs to the customary portrait-gallery of this artist. Such a change, if it had been successful, would have been charming; as it is, it will be sufficient to record that the change was only successful to a very moderate degree, and, as such, necessarily becomes uninteresting.

Mr. Watts hangs two pictures in the same exhibition which, though far from being ambitious, have, nevertheless, some of that artist's most engrossing qualities. The most effective of the two is his charming landscape of Naples in the fall of the evening. You see Vesuvius looming grim against the golden sky,

its dim blue harmonising very beautifully with the lovely colour of the sunset. Anybody who has seen the sun set or rise over Vesuvius will appreciate Mr. Watts's realisation of the poetry of that wonderful scene. The shafts of primrose light, the wonder of the "new-washed sky" will ever remain in the memory, alive and warm. And it is this inner significance which Mr. Watts has discovered and set down in paint.

The death of Mr. Philip Hamerton removes from us a man who was extremely distinguished, if not exactly great, in the work of art criticism. In these cases one of course flies to *Men of the Time*, which alone retains in its capacious memory all the dates and facts which concern the men who live with us and are honoured by us. He was born, it appears from this source, in September, 1834, the son of a solicitor at Shaw, in Lancashire. His early education took place partly in Lancashire

and partly in Yorkshire; he was destined for Oxford, and was diverted from his destiny by the taste which led him into landscape painting. In 1851 he published a work on "Heraldry," and four years later he



THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA.—SIR E. BURNE-JONES.

In the possession of Mr. R. H. Benson, and reproduced from the *Art Annual*.



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HOME LESSONS.—RALPH HEDLEY.
Exhibited in the Royal Academy.

appealed to the public as a verse writer in "The Isles of Loch Awe, and other Poems," to which he added sixteen illustrations from his own hand."

In 1855 he journeyed to Paris for the purpose of studying painting and French literature, and, although he left France for a brief period, he returned in 1861 to that country, and lived first at Sens and afterwards at Autun. A few years later he became the art critic of the



A VENETIAN CANAL.—HILDA MONTALBA.
Exhibited in the Royal Academy.



Photo by Gray and Davies, Bayswater.

PORTRAIT IN THE NEW GALLERY.—FLORENCE MARKS.

Saturday Review, a post which he retained until 1868, when he voluntarily resigned it, although he still remained on the staff as an occasional contributor. In the same year he published his "Etching and Etchers," a work which has had an extraordinary vogue; and in the year following his first novel, "Wenderholme," a work which had no particular merit, was published, although it had some success. In 1873 his most important and most successful work, "The Intellectual Life," was published; three years later his account of his own observations of rural life and character in France, which he called "Round My House," a gay imitation of De Maistre's famous work. In 1878 he published a novel anonymously, "Marmorne," which was really successful, although it had no distinguished merit to secure it any immortality. It was in 1885 that he published his work on "Landscape," which was executed upon a very rich and costly scale. Meanwhile, for some years before, he had been engaged over launching into existence the *Portfolio*, an art periodical which still lives to memorialise his name. The year afterwards he made a Stevensonian voyage down the Saône, which he described in a monograph upon the river, which was illustrated both by himself and by a far more accomplished draughtsman than himself, Mr. Joseph Pennell; it must be added, too, that Mr. Hamerton was not a Stevenson. Nevertheless, he combined in his own person many talents which, if not pre-eminent in individual cases, were, in the sum, the composition of a remarkable personality.

There has been quite a plenitude of literature lately on Sir E. Burne-Jones, Bart., and his fine work. The *Art Annual* (J. S. Virtue and Co.) is a special number devoted to this great artist, giving some splendid examples of his art. The public have certainly every opportunity for understanding and appreciating Sir Edward, considering Mr. Malcolm Bell's "Life," which is in its third edition. Julia Cartwright writes in the *Art Annual* a discriminative criticism and a careful biography; and altogether the number is one to be prized.

When last at the Dulwich Art Gallery (writes a correspondent), I was pleased to see some well-executed portraits of certain pictures on sale at the entrance. It has always appeared to me that the gallery has been strangely overlooked by lovers of art. Here, in three small rooms, we have a collection of absolutely priceless works, representing nearly all the old masters; and go there when you will, there will not be half-a-dozen people in the building. A casual walk through reveals specimens of the works of Rubens, Rembrandt, Paul Veronese, Guido, Ostade, Teniers, Murillo, Velasquez, while in so small a gallery one can spend a day and never feel fatigued. It is not like a visit to the Royal Academy or the National Gallery, where art criticism (?) is audibly indulged in by noisy sight-seers; at Dulwich there is a sense of complete tranquillity and calm, only broken once a year

in the early summer, when, in accordance with an old custom, the President and the Academicians come down to the pretty village to dine in state. Some day there will be a sudden awakening to the beauties of the gallery, and possibly some Yankee millionaire will offer to transplant it bodily across the Drink; but I fancy it is best in its present quiet condition.

Among the portraits exhibited in the New Gallery one must heartily commend that by Miss Florence Marks, which we reproduce herewith. The artist has succeeded excellently in making a picture as well as a portrait, and there are many signs of much ability in Miss Marks's work.

They are making good progress with the latest decorations in St. Paul's Cathedral. I went in there a few days back, and found the place crowded. The workmen were raising the greater part of a huge figure on a pulley almost to the height of the dome, and the gradual ascent of the mass gave me a shuddering sensation, for I felt that it would surely fall. I do not suppose there was any real risk, but the place is so vast that it insensibly sets one's fancy working. The presence of workmen in a cathedral is eminently distasteful to me, for the sense of quietness which is so great a feature in its charm is lacking. I like to be alone in a cathedral, those of Canterbury and Winchester for preference. Official vergers, tourists, and irreverent crowds detract from the grandeur of such a place. On leaving St. Paul's, I strolled into what is left of Doctors' Commons. They have pulled down the warehouses that used to face the Deanery, and I note with regret that Sir Christopher Wren's old house is also being demolished.

Mr. Raven Hill, whose late effort, "The Promenaders," has given so much amusement, took a long time in attaining his success. He first studied at the Lambeth School of Art with Charles Ricketts, C. Hazlewood, Shannon, and Edgar Wilson. Afterwards he went to Paris and studied under Tony Robert-Fleury and Aimé Morot, attempted to storm Burlington House, but did not succeed, so attacked the illustrated journals. They resisted his charge for a long time, but ultimately gave way. Now, as the music-hall stars write in their *Era* advertisements, "He comes high, but they have to have him." The best thing he ever did was "The Butterfly," which managed to obey the Gilbertian dictum and "flutter through a summer." Unless I am much mistaken, "The Butterfly" and "The Studio" were the offshoots of a scheme to start a paper, which never saw the light. However this may be, it is certain that his venture did Raven Hill a deal of good, and established his claim to be considered one of our leading black-and-white artists. The splendid work he has done for *Pick-Me-Up*, of which paper he is the Art Editor, cannot fairly be overlooked. He has an inexhaustible fund of ideas.



SAN MARCO.—CLARA MONTALBA.

Exhibited in the New Gallery.

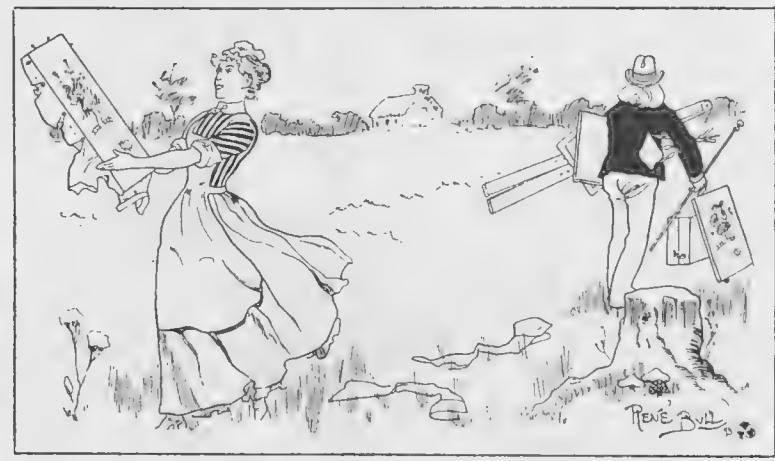
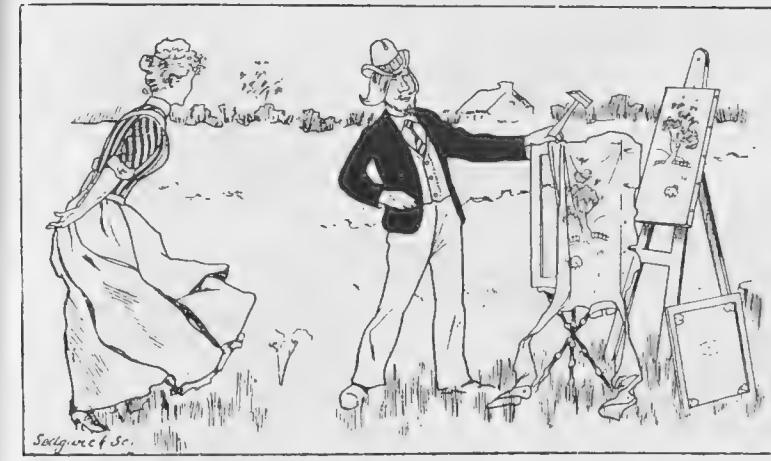
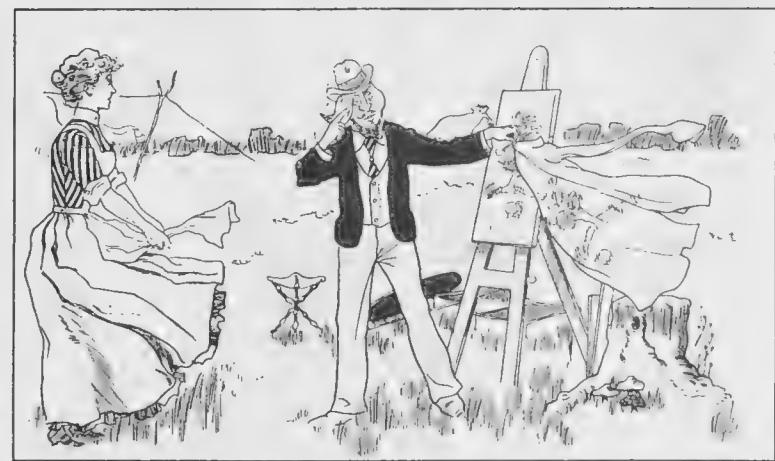
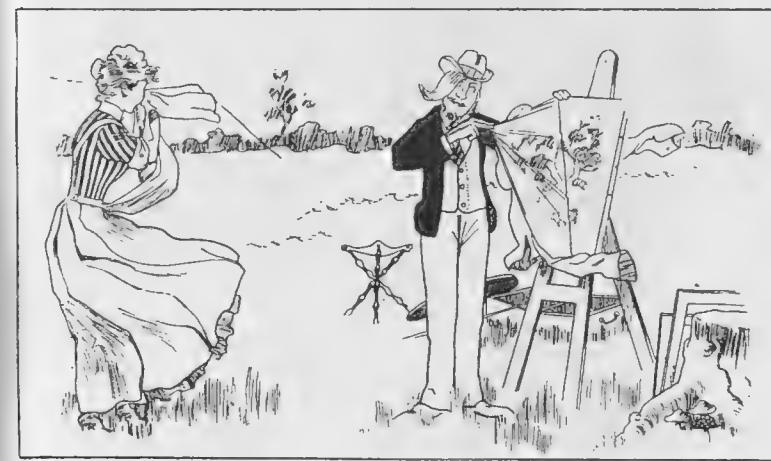
THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEUR (who has been cast for the part of Sir Toby Belch): "I suppose I shall want a little padding."
COSTUMER: "Certainly." (Shouting) "Ernest, bring down a full size stomach."



" 'Appy gulls—no liver, no hincome tax, no rates, no nothink. Would I were a bird!"



THE TALE OF A SHIRT.



SMALL PUNTER (to Tintorette Botticelle Smith, R.A., who has stopped in the street to make a note of an interesting bit of architecture) : "Say, chum, put us a kipple o' bob on Walkover for the Seltzer Stakes, will yer?"



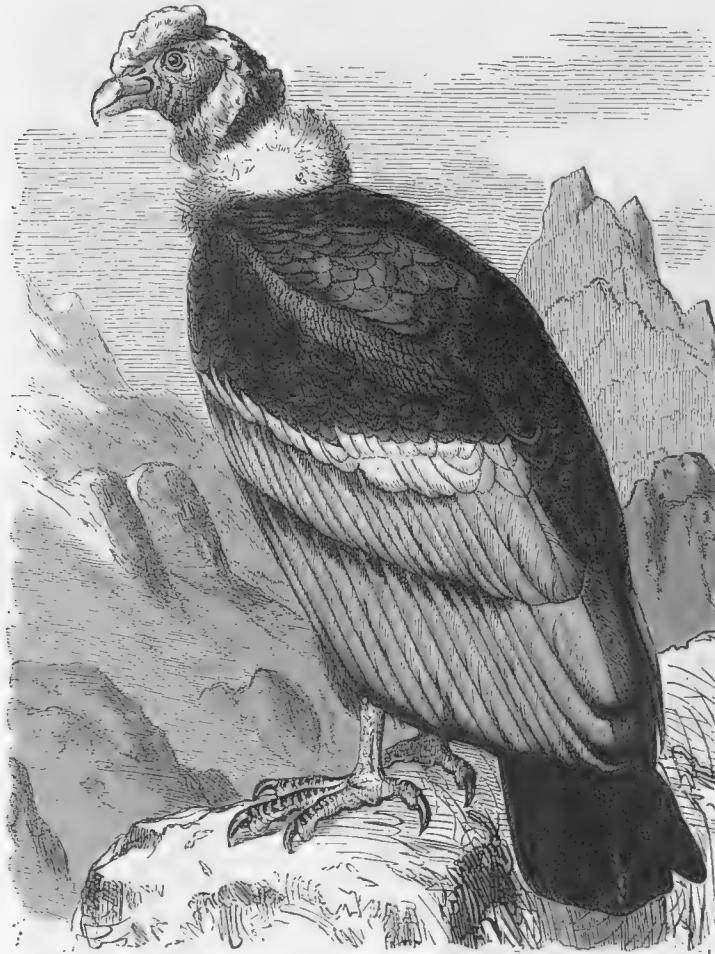
TYPES OF SPORTSMEN.—No. III.

Eighteenpence an hour—"Whoo!"

THE NEW CONDOR.

If the visitor to the Zoological Gardens will go in at the south entrance and make his way to the Vultures' Aviary, he will find a recent arrival in the shape of the condor of the Andes. When he sees the great sombre-plumaged bird sitting on the tree-stump in the middle of a not too roomy cage, his first feeling will probably be one of disappointment. More than forty years ago, Broderip, who was then a constant visitor at the Gardens, remarked that he had scarcely ever met a person whose expectations had not gone far beyond what he realised on beholding the first pair of these birds exhibited by the Zoological Society.

Some of this disappointment must be put down to the highly exaggerated accounts of early writers. A measurement of 18 ft. has been given as the wing-spread of a bird actually killed and taped. The length of the body is not stated, and for this we are grateful. Darwin shot one in 1834 with a wing-spread of 8 ft. 6 in., and it measured 4 ft. from beak to tail. The measurements of one that fell to Humboldt's gun tally pretty closely with those of the bird that Darwin killed.



There is, however, good evidence that these measurements have been exceeded, even by birds brought alive to this country. Dr. Selater, in his "Guide to the Zoological Gardens," puts twelve feet as the limit of the wing-spread, and thinks this has never been exceeded.

Part of the disappointment is, no doubt, due to the surroundings. One has formed vivid mental pictures of the bird sailing at a great height without an effort, soaring in graceful circles, or gliding down like lightning upon its prey. One sees it sitting with its head drawn down between its wings, and its plumage draggled, without sufficient space over which to run to gather momentum for a rise, or height enough to fly if it could leave the ground. Sometimes, from the top of its perch, it attempts to use its wings, but its efforts result in failure.

There is a fine collection of birds of prey in the Zoological Gardens, and one would like to see them under the best possible conditions. It may be that some day the secretary and superintendent will do for these birds what they have already done for the larger wading birds in the night heron's pond near the main entrance, and give them space in which they can fly. There are difficulties in the way, but these ought not to be insuperable. The beasts of prey, too, are far better housed, and may be seen under much more natural conditions than was the case some years ago. Let us hope that before long the birds of prey will enjoy similar advantages.

It was long supposed that condors hunted by scent, but experiments have proved that the sense of smell in these birds is by no means keen. They probably discover their food by sight, and the descent of one bird serves as a signal to others at a distance.

A young condor is a much prettier object than an old one. It is clothed entirely in white down, and when it settles itself to sleep, with its feet hidden and its head tucked away, it looks like a fluffy white ball. The plumage of the adult is black, with a white ruff round the neck, and the quills have a white edging, which becomes broader at each successive moult.

H. S.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

I have a great respect for Mr. Zangwill, who is a natural humorist when he forgets to be funny; and his pronouncements concerning literature deserve respectful attention, even when he manifests a disposition to change the full stop of his signature for a comma. "I, Zangwill, have said it," is at times the implied, if not expressed, formula of doctrine. And a late aggression of this Maccabee upon the novel of adventure, and a glorification of the inevitable Russian novel, rouses me to a protest.

After the manner of his people, Mr. Zangwill speaks in parables. He had been dreaming a dream, like "The Prisoner of Zenda," and when he awaked, lo, it was a dream, and left no intellectual residuum behind: whereas, had he dreamed Tolstoi or Tourguenieff (spelling not guaranteed), he would have had a fine intellectual after-taste. Whence comes the discovery that Continental novelists, or at least the Russian section, rise into the highest rank by interpretation of life; whereas our own novelists, merely seeking to entertain by tales of incident or brilliance of style, are mere "Daughters of Joy," a decorous English rendering of an indecorous French term?

Literature of the highest class, then, is concerned in the interpretation of life. Those whose vision is merely artistic are doomed to a lower rank. Shakspere and Tolstoi sit aloft above them, Tolstoi possibly above Shakspere, for one has painful recollections of such romantic and unreal futilities as "As You Like It," in which the joy of creating mere beauty, riots and revels in a way that, to the conscientious critic, must seem sad indeed. Too often was the weak William induced to perpetrate, like our modern Stevenson, works that added not to the interpretation of life, but to life itself, and the joy of life.

"No one would call Tourguenieff a 'Daughter of Joy,'" says Mr. Zangwill. No one, I may respectfully submit, would call him a Daughter of Anything; but, nevertheless, I do not see why we should dissociate the idea of joy from even Russian novels or Norwegian plays. Their authors felt a joy in creation of character, and Mr. Zangwill feels a joy in appreciating the artistic skill shown in depicting some phase of human life. It is because Tourguenieff enjoyed writing that he wrote; it is because persons of culture enjoy his novels that he is accounted a great novelist.

But I have for some time entertained a strong conviction that, great as may be Russians and Scandinavians, the belief in their surpassing greatness is a fad which will pass. Russian novels appeal to me, as to Mr. Zangwill, in translations, and in this form they invariably leave a feeling of irritation on my mind. Tourguenieff's characters move in a sort of mist—a vague indefiniteness seems to possess them; never have I felt as if I should know one of them on meeting him in the street. They have the fluidity of the adaptable, restless, and unstable Slav, excitable, imitative, unreal. Perhaps the Russian tongue is hardly fixed and definite enough; the spoken language can convey infinite changes of meaning by a mere change of voice-inflection; Western words are polished and hardened by centuries of literature.

Tolstoi, again, is irritating in another way. He is detailed enough, and to spare, but there is always the doubt whether it is the universal vision of genius or the indiscriminating grasp of infancy—whether he has painted in an object because it helps to complete his picture, or because it happens to be there. Sometimes his descriptions remind one of the contents of a little boy's pocket turned out at night—samples of everything portable that has come within reach. The highest art is often childlike in its simplicity, but to be childlike and to be childish are two very different things.

Interpretation of life is a term that embraces a good deal of great artistic work. It also includes Poor Law statistics. The distinction between literature and Poor Law statistics is that the former is artistic and the latter are scientific. In other words, the former is designed for beauty primarily, the latter are compiled for information and use only. It is style which differentiates a novel from a psychological treatise—style, and the presentation of the concrete instead of the abstract. The writer who does not know the worth and use of words is like a painter who cannot mix his colours to the right shade; and all the interpretation of life that ever was interpreted will never make a man of letters of the novelist who has no style at all, or a bad style.

The author to whom one word is as suitable as another is not unlike the woman to whom one lover is as suitable as another. The former is a traitor to his art, the latter to her sex.

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NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

With very deep regret, shared by the whole of the musical world, I have to record the death of that delightful singer, Mr. Eugene Oudin. He was of a very affectionate nature, and it appears that the death of Mr. Chatterton, who had been paying a visit to him, very greatly depressed his spirits. Mr. Oudin had nursed his friend with unremitting

care, and the fatal termination of his illness was a great shock. He had attended a Richter Concert at the Queen's Hall on Oct. 20, and was chatting with Mr. Edward Lloyd in the artists' room, when he staggered and fell to the ground, stricken with paralysis. He only once rallied, and that was on the night before his death, when he recognised his wife, who had been a devoted nurse to her talented husband. On Sunday, Nov. 4, Mr. Oudin passed peacefully away. It is a strange coincidence that by paralysis we have this year lost three great singers—the veteran Madame

Alboni, Madame Patey, and Mr. Oudin. He whose decease we so much deplore was born in New York in 1858; he was of French parentage, and very soon showed a decided talent for music. He had been admitted at the age of twenty-one a member of the New York Bar, but soon the art he loved so well triumphed over his profession, and Oudin began to study as a singer. He was chief baritone at St. Stephen's Church, in New York, for some years, and then paid a passing visit to London, where, however, he failed to attract much notice. On his return to the United States he joined the McCaull Opera Company, and made his *début* on the same evening as Miss Louise Parker, his future wife. When "Ivanhoe" was produced at what is now the Palace Theatre, Mr. Oudin created the part of the Templar, and speedy was the recognition of his vocal and dramatic ability. He sang also in Tschaikowsky's "Eugeny Onegin," at the Olympie Theatre, and by reason of that composer's interest Mr. Oudin found great favour in Russian musical circles. Here in London he was in much request at classical concerts, and it seems but a short time since he and his talented wife sang duets to the delight of a crowded audience at a Monday Popular Concert. His French descent induced him to resuscitate several forgotten French songs, which he rendered with exquisite taste, and the resonant beauty of his voice was never more apparent than in such selections. Mr. Oudin was very popular in musical society, and was a prized friend of the brothers De Reszke. Great sympathy is felt with the widow, who has so suddenly and sadly lost her husband.

Despite the festival of Guy Fawkes, there was a crowded audience for the Monday Popular Concert on Nov. 5. Fräulein Wietrowetz led most capably Beethoven's quartet in D major, and a quintet in F major by the Aberdonian composer, Mr. Moir Clark, heard for the first time at these concerts. The latter is not very distinctive in style, and rather tame in conception; it was given very spiritedly. Mr. W. E. Whitehouse, one of our finest English 'cellists, gave with rare finish and taste two solos, one being Saint-Saëns' Allegro Appassionato, an exciting piece of instrumentation, very French in its style. He was enthusiastically encored. Miss Fanny Davies, warmly welcomed, ventured into an unusual field, for her, of music. She played Chopin's Fantaisie Polonoise in A flat so well that the audience asked for an encore, and got it in the shape of Liszt's "Waldesrauschen." The solo singer was Miss Margaret Hoare, and her selections from Chaminade and Tiesen found much favour.—LUTE.

The numerous diaries published by Messrs. Charles Letts and Co. seem designed to supply every possible want, and to relieve memories of as much strain as possible. This year the firm has issued several new sorts and styles of diaries for 1895, and in nearly all of them there is a novelty in the shape of a free railway accident policy for £50. The books, with space for a day on each page, are specially handy, and some of the diaries have leather cases outside to contain letters and papers. The calendars and blotting-pads ought to find many purchasers for office and home use.



Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE LATE EUGENE OUDIN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

I am very glad to see that we are in for a busy season under National Hunt Rules, and, despite the small value of the prizes given, those owners who bet can make the game pay—that is, if their horses are good enough to win. National Hunt flat races are no longer the draw they were, and I am glad to see clerks of courses discourage them. These paid in the old days, when Mr. Abington often entered a horse worth £500 to be sold for £50, and had to buy him in after winning. Owners of our day cannot afford to run such risks, at least, not in Hunt flat races.

From the merit point of view, a North-Country jockey has on paper the best average. Colling is a Yorkshire lad of good family, and his grandfather was a rector in the neighbourhood of Malton. Young Colling was, I believe, intended for commerce, but his boyish love for a horse would not let him settle down to the desk, so he engaged himself to a trainer. He now rides for P'Anson's stable. Colling sits a horse very much like the late Fred Archer did, and he can finish as well as that jockey could when at his best.

I notice Lord Russell and Sir Henry Hawkins attend the meetings of the Jockey Club, so the Turf senators are, no doubt, kept well posted with regard to the law and betting on our racecourses. It is a pity that the Jockey Club do not openly recognise betting. They have the power—which they do not hesitate to use—to warn off defaulters, and here, so far as betting is concerned, their mission begins and ends, so we are told. Why not try and prevent men from becoming defaulters?

We badly want more owners to run under National Hunt Rules. I have heard that the Prince of Wales will presently send Arthur Nightingall a jumper or two to train, and I hope his Royal Highness's example will be followed by others. Sir Blundell Maple, Colonel North, and Baron Hirsch have some few horses of little service on the flat that would win hurdle races. The Duke of Westminster, too, might encourage the sport, seeing that he has for years been a good follower to hounds.

What will win next year's Derby? The time will soon arrive to try and answer this question. It is certain the Epsom race will be largely charged with interest in '95, and it is possible that next year's three-year-olds will put those of '94 completely in the shade. Mr. McCalmont has a couple of likely youngsters in Raconteur and The Lombard, the former for choice. The Premier holds what just at present looks like a trump card in Sir Visto. Mr. Cooper will, no doubt, expect to see Kirkeonell run well at Epsom, and Ryan should do something with Speedwell, who is owned by Mr. Cox. The Owl will, I take it, be the best of the Duke of Portland's. The Kingsclere stable will have to be reckoned with. It is said that Le Var will be the best of John Porter's lot if he can be trained. That "if" sounds ominous.

Racing men have of late been discussing Mr. Joe Thompson's lucky speculations over the Autumn Handicaps. His double event book was clean—that is to say, nobody found the winners of the two races. It is



Photo by Webb and Webb, Melbourne.

MR. JOE THOMPSON.

and I believe he was hit pretty hard by some of the big backers; but after a flying visit to Australia, he returned to this country, and determined to settle down at home. Mr. Thompson has always played the game in the most plucky fashion, and sometimes he has been badly out at the end of the day, but at other times he has won huge sums. It was said that he netted £30,000 when Rusticus won the Leicester Handicap, while I should say he netted quite £20,000 over the win of Indian Queen. Mr. Thompson is a good all-round sportsman, is honest to a point, agreeable in his manner, and very popular with his clients. Mr. Thompson's son is a well-known member of the stage.

HAMILTON PALACE AND PARKS.

In no season of the year is the magnificent demesne around Hamilton Palace seen under such picturesque conditions as when the glory of autumn has fallen upon the stately avenues of ancestral beeches which extend from the front of that noble edifice down to the Clyde, and upon the grand immemorial elms and huge spreading chestnuts which stand impressively in countless communities all over the seemingly interminable chase. We have just seen, under the mellow light of October sunshine, those spacious policies, which extend east and west along the Clyde from



HAMILTON PALACE.

the historic Bothwell Brig to where the moorland Avon joins that river near the estate of Lord Hamilton of Dalziel, and which stretch for three miles north and south towards the pastoral uplands of Avondale, terminating in that picturesque fragment of antiquity, the ancient Caledonian forest of Cadzow. The foliage everywhere, either in the long vistas of the beeches, or in the innumerable brotherhoods of sycamores or elms, was all ablaze with the glorious tints of autumn. Each tree, in sober russet or flaming red, proclaimed the identity of its family; the pale yellow of the huge Spanish chestnuts stood out in bold relief against the deep bluish-green of the cedars, while the subdued saffron of the gigantic planes contrasted finely with the dark plumy pines, the whole scene affording that infinite diversity of subdued tones and brilliant colouring which only luscious autumn can reveal.

Beautifully situated in the midst of this noble and finely-wooded chase, midway between the town of Hamilton and the Clyde, Hamilton Palace is one of the most magnificent edifices in the United Kingdom, as it is doubtlessly one of the grandest residences in Europe. It comprises a north front of 265 ft. facing the Clyde. This section of the palace is imposing in the extreme, being 60 ft. high, and adorned with a splendid Corinthian portico of monolithic columns of superb workmanship, each 25 ft. high and 10 ft. in circumference, and modelled after the design of the Temple of Jupiter Stator of Rome. The interior is planned on a scale of equal magnificence, the principal apartments being the tribune, or saloon, the dining-room, 71 ft. in length and 30 ft. in breadth, the library built to contain the famous Beckford collection, and an art gallery 120 ft. long, 20 ft. wide, and 20 ft. high. The priceless treasures of art in cabinets and furniture, alike historic as having

once belonged to some of the most notable royal houses of Europe during the past three centuries, the pictures, statuary, china, and glass, all of which adorned the princely rooms till their partial dispersion by sale in 1882, formed by far the most magnificent collection of such treasures in Scotland.

In July 1882 a large proportion of this gorgeous art treasury was dispersed by the auctioneer's hammer. It is needless to say that the very fact of the sale created a profound sensation over the United Kingdom, while the character and merits of the priceless objects awoke a remarkable stir in the artistic world. The vast sum of £397,562 was realised, a total which, happily, has never been approached in any sale of like nature between these seas. The pictures alone, including miniatures, many of them historic, brought upwards of £123,000, Rubens' famous "Daniel in the Lions' Den" was sold for £5145, while a portrait of Philip IV., by Velasquez, fetched 6000 guineas.

About six hundred yards north of the palace, and encompassed by giant beeches and stately elms, stands the magnificent mausoleum erected at a cost of £130,000 in memory of Duke Alexander. The exterior is in every respect a faithful copy of the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome, and the edifice is the most gorgeous of its kind in the world dedicated to the memory of a non-regal personage. In one of the niches of the interior is a splendid Egyptian sarcophagus of black porphyry, said to be nearly four thousand years old, in which rest the ashes of Duke Alexander. The fine mosaic marble floor and the magnificent Florentine doors of exquisitely inwrought bronze, give a solemn, stately grandeur to this hall of the dead. What adds a peculiar interest to the interior of this mausoleum is its wondrous power of retaining and giving volume to sound. We have heard the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the "Messiah" rendered within the edifice, when, after the final bars were ended, the strains resolved themselves high around the dome into a thunder-peal of harmonious sounds.

With the exception of Barncluith, a small but most picturesque plot of land on the banks of the Avon, which has belonged for centuries to the Ruthvens, the ducal policies extend for two miles to the south, and embrace the ancient Caledonian forest of Cadzow. One of the most romantic stretches of the Avon begins at Barncluith. Here the stream flows through a finely-wooded gorge, nearly three hundred feet deep. The steep sides of this grand-looking natural chasm are clothed with beeches, hazels, and graceful larches, with here and there an abrupt sandstone cliff crowned with a mountain ash, and wreathed with green moss and feathery ferns. At Barncluith, overlooking this finely-wooded gorge, a magnificent cenotaph has been raised to the memory of the late Duke of Hamilton.

One mile south-east of Barncluith, and overlooking the Avon from a height of almost three hundred feet, is Cadzow Castle, the original seat of the Hamilton family. It is of great antiquity, the old Scottish kings having held their courts there as far back as 1153 and 1289. After having been a royal residence for more than two centuries, it was bestowed by royalty upon a loyal subject, having been conferred upon a chief of the house of Hamilton immediately after Bannockburn.

To the south of Cadzow Castle, and extending over 300 acres, is Cadzow Forest, the only existing fragment, along with another small woodland patch in the Duke of Northumberland's estate at Chillingham Castle, of that ancient Caledonian forest of oak which extended from the Clyde Valley to the shores of the North Sea. Many of the oaks are of immense size, measuring, in some cases, twenty-seven feet in girth, while others are worn with age or picturesquely shattered by storm. As one stands amidst those hoary chieftains of the forest, many of which were old when Queen Elizabeth was in her cradle, or even when Bannockburn was fought and won, the mind seems startled, as if by some romantic witchery there had been brought before it the fascinating scenes of long ago.

A. L.



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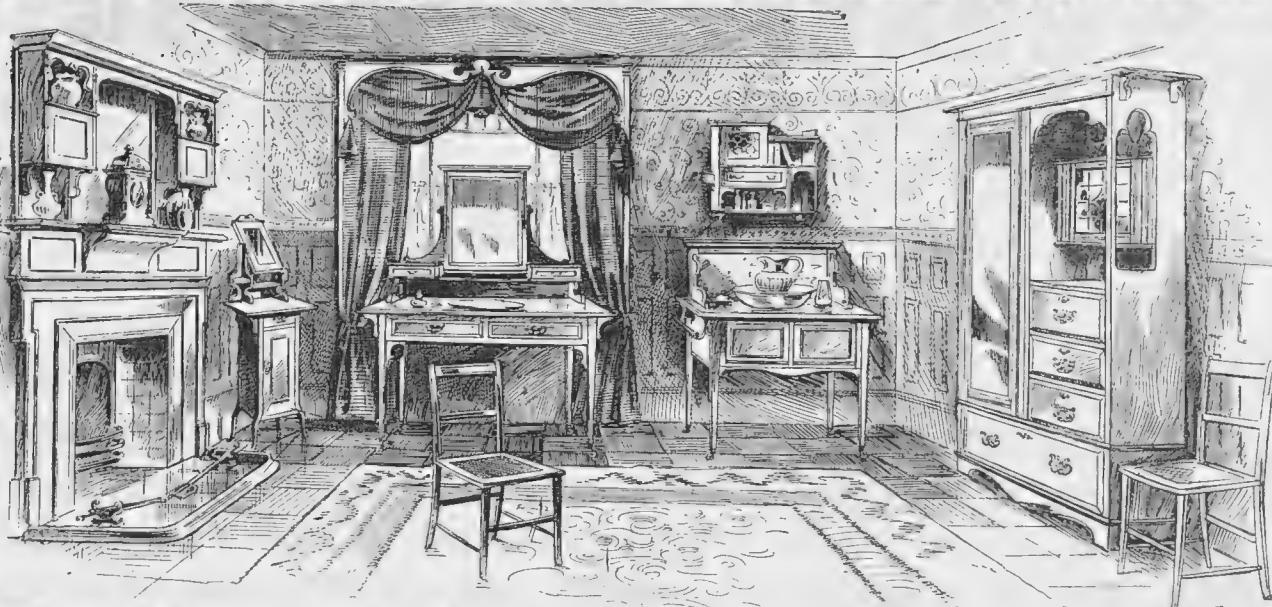
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AN ENGINE RIDE TO CREWE.

Not many out of the sixty-eight millions of passengers carried by the London and North-Western Railway in a year are permitted to ride on the engine. Indeed, this company is less ready than most others to grant the privilege, and certainly there are many and excellent reasons why the presence of a third person, and specially of an unofficial person, on the footplate should be made as rare a thing as possible.

One day this summer, however, found me at Euston Station, where the North Wales express was being gradually filled up with its tourist load, and I was the fortunate holder of a card authorising the driver to allow me to ride on the engine to Crewe and back. The train by which I elected to travel was the 10.30 a.m. express, to which one of the engines belonging to the "Greater Britain" class of compounds is usually attached. On the morning in question the engine was the "Princess May," a gigantic locomotive, over fifty-four feet long, including the tender, and well able to draw the load of twenty vehicles which lay behind it.

When I mounted to the footplate and glanced along the boiler towards the funnel I was first of all impressed with the great length of the boiler. Although I have been on the biggest engines of other companies many times, I have never seen such length of boiler. It seemed quite

in shutting off the catching apparatus when the tender was full, of which evidence was given by a spray of water splashing up over the top of the tank.

As far as Tring the road is almost uniformly against the train, but once through Tring Station it is down hill to Bletchley, and of this advantage the driver made full use. From the ease and regularity of the running, however, I am convinced that these "Greater Britain" engines are quite capable of much heavier loads and much higher speeds than are ever required of them, and whether up hill or down we were always to time, and at Rugby ran in with something like two minutes in hand.

Away again among the broad lanes and standing corn of Warwickshire, we made for our next stop, at Crewe, where we were due at 1.50. We had done the eighty-two miles to Rugby in ninety-nine minutes' steaming from Euston, and now we had ninety minutes in which to do seventy-six miles, so that the faster section lay before us. So well, however, was the work dealt with that at Stafford the driver shut off steam and ran easy for a mile or two, being four minutes in hand, and at Crewe we had to wait a moment till the signalman made room for us at the platform, and this, too, in spite of many varying gradients along the Trent Valley section.

There I left the engine, which ran off to the sheds, another of the same class, "George Findlay," taking the train on northwards. I was



a journey to the funnel, and well it might, for there was room for two pairs of driving-wheels, as well as the leading wheels, while the trailing-wheels were almost clear of the footplate space. Each pair of driving-wheels is over seven feet in diameter, and the smaller wheels are over four, so the space, as may be calculated, is pretty considerable.

But while I was taking note of the big boiler, the starting signal came from the guard, and the journey began. The driver's place on the North-Western, unlike most lines, is on the left of the footplate, not the right, and it seems the more natural position, having regard to the signals and station platforms. Immediately after leaving Euston we began the steep climb of 1 in 70 towards Camden, and, although it is less sharp near the top, where the boards say 1 in 130, the hill is a severe test of the capabilities of any engine. Soon we got past the back-gardens of St. John's Wood villas, and, crossing the canal, shot into Primrose Hill tunnel. The white disc ahead grew rapidly bigger and brighter, and then we were again in open day. I was not quite prepared for the high speed between Euston and Willesden, supposing it would hardly be attained till, say, Harrow or Watford, but here we were gliding through Kilburn at fully fifty miles an hour, and in due course we called at Willesden.

By this time I had become used to my surroundings. I stood in the right-hand corner of the "cab," the driver being on the other side, and the fireman standing behind and between us. The heat was certainly something considerable, but of shaking there was nothing worth mentioning, and even at the highest speed the steadiness was really remarkable. I question very much if any passenger in the train could have stood up in his compartment for many minutes without holding on, as I did for a great part of the journey. At Bushey were the first water-troughs, from which the engine drew its supply as we swept over them, and for this business the driver left his corner to assist the fireman

dirty and begrimed, but had made the journey in the pleasantest possible way. All the landscape was open to me, right and left, and straight in front; and a delightful breeze tempered the heat of the sun. When I went into the refreshment-room at Crewe for some lunch, I was eyed very suspiciously, and I believe one of the young ladies would have liked to suggest a bath instead; but I was hungry, and had the home journey to think about. This I did on the "Coptic" from Crewe to Rugby, and a sister-engine, "Adriatic," from Rugby to Euston.

F. J. P.

HELPLESSNESS AND ITS RESULT.

I sometimes fear that certain of us carry helplessness written large upon us. I have to complain of the innumerable unsolicited attentions I am constantly receiving from the unemployed. Walking out on a fine day, crossing-sweepers clear away imaginary mud from spotless crossings whenever I pass, match-boys follow me half-way down the street, even when I have assured them that I have as many lights as I can conveniently carry. Newspaper boys bring me innumerable editions of halfpenny papers, and flaunt glaring posters before my eyes. In vain I tell them I do not bet; they urge me to invest "for luck." Old women, with beery expression and dirty-looking boot-laces, face me at every corner and make pedestrianism a terror, while if they are not annoying me, more or less villainous-looking males explain that they have just walked from John o' Groat's, and have not tasted food for fifteen days. When fairly worried out of my usual economic habits I seek refuge in a cab, some gentleman of the gutter invariably essays to open the cab doors, assist me in, and altogether exhibit a fatherly interest in my welfare. Is all this loving-kindness, or is there too large a crowd of beggars and cadgers in the streets of the West End of London?

B.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

I wish all Rugby international trial matches were as interesting as that which was fought out at Rectory Field between London and Counties and the Combined Universities. Its value as an international trial, however, must have been somewhat discounted by the absence of the Midland Counties players, who, by some foolish horseplay at Exeter, brought themselves, guilty and innocent alike, under the ban of the Rugby Union. Nor was it the absence of the Midland players alone that diminished the value of the trial from an international point of view. The presence of several Scotchmen and Welshmen among the 'Varsity men, while adding to the enjoyment of the match, brought us no more forward in the matter of selecting men for the North v. South engagement. I have always wondered why Scotchmen, Welshmen, and Irishmen should be asked to play in English international trials.

What makes the matter more ridiculous than ever is the fact that nearly all the best men in this so-called international trial match were not Englishmen. Who was the best back on the field? Unquestionably A. R. Smith, of Oxford, Loretto, and Scotland. Who was the best half-back? Above all his fellows stood W. P. Donaldson, of Oxford and Scottish international fame. Who was the best three-quarter? Herc honours might be divided between J. H. C. Fegan, of Blackheath, and F. Leslie Jones, of Oxford and Brecon College, Wales. Who was the best forward? Probably C. Thomas, who, although he plays for Barnstaple, is, I understand, eligible for Wales.

Apart from the fact that this match did not exactly serve its purpose, it was one of the finest displays of scientific football we have seen in London for some time. The combination in the Combined 'Varsity team was nearly perfect. The forwards worked as one man, and there was no missing link throughout the whole team. Although the 'Varsities were much lighter than their opponents their speed and cleverness brought them out victorious by 16 points to 11. The London three-quarters were all brilliant individual players, with Fegan and Taylor as the pick. Lias, at half-back, played a great game, and among the forwards, in addition to Thomas, who was the best on the ground, Bromet and Hawking played a great game.

Mr. A. Roston Bourke, whose portrait we give to-day, is practically the founder of the London Referees' Association—one of the most useful bodies of workers in the world of Association football. Previous to the

founding of the Referees' Association, no test whatever was applied to the abilities of a referee. Those who wish to hold the diploma of the Referees' Association have to pass a searching examination on all points of law likely to arise in the course of the game. Excepting a man has the points of the game at his fingers' ends, it is very unlikely that he will pass the examination successfully, and even then, excepting he has had practical experience on the field, he is only entrusted with the refereeing in minor matches. As he gains experience, however, and proves his fitness for the post, he is gradually promoted to matches of a better class. Mr. Bourke is one of the most active men I know. In addition to conducting all the secretarial work of the Association, he gives himself no rest in the way of

refereeing. Last season he actually officiated in ninety-nine matches, and but for an accident would have completed the three figures, which, I fancy, would have been something like a record. Mr. Bourke, who is about thirty years of age, is a good cricketer and fairly good footballer. He is also a member of the Council of the London Football Association.

It would appear that the Rugby Union are to take the Northern professional bull by the horns. The Committee have formulated certain questions, which every club in the country will be asked to answer with a direct affirmative or negative. Here is the form of the answer expected: "The Bradford Football Club hereby undertakes to comply with the letter and spirit of the bye-laws, rules, and regulations of the Rugby Football Union as regards professionalism. Dated this 14th day of November, 1894." Each club has been supplied with a circular in two parts, one of which declares, in the manner of the form given above, that the club will comply with the rules, while the other part is left for

the club to declare that it will not undertake to comply with the rules regarding professionalism. And now the world is waiting to see how the cat will jump. So far as the Southern, Western, and the majority of the Midland clubs are concerned, they will, no doubt, reply cheerfully in the affirmative. On the other hand, the further north we go, the more doubt there appears on the subject. If the Yorkshire and Lancashire clubs do swear allegiance to the Union, the chances are that they will get themselves into a nice mess before long, for whenever the Union hears a whisper of suspicion about a club, they will immediately ask that club to prove its innocence. Altogether, the situation is tingling with interest. What the outcome of it will be I will probably tell you in our next.

Are the Northern clubs so much superior to the South, after all? Bradford visited London, and, after tremendous efforts, defeated Richmond—Richmond, mind you—by a try. I think I could name at least half a dozen clubs in the South that could have trebled the score without distressing themselves. It is said that Forrest, the Irish international who is now residing in London, will occasionally assist Richmond. I don't know how many years Forrest has played Rugby football, but, judging from his veteran appearance last season, I would have thought he would be retiring—only those Irishmen do last.

The standard of play under Association rules is rapidly rising in the South of England. I need only point to one or two recent performances. It was only the other day that Wolverhampton Wanderers visited Oxford, and were defeated by the 'Varsity eleven to the extent of four goals to one. Considering that only two days previously the same Wolverhampton team had only lost by two goals at Sunderland in a League match, Oxford's victory is a notable one. While putting in a word for the South, I might mention the defeat of Notts County, the English cup-holders, by Woolwich Arsenal, and the overthrow of Bolton Wanderers by Millwall Athletic. I have not the slightest doubt that within the next five years, and probably long before then, there will be clubs in the South of England capable of holding their own with the proudest of the pride of the North.

The struggle for the League championship goes merrily on. Everton somewhat disappointed their friends by only being able to make a draw with Small Heath, but, if all stories be true, the referee in this match, by reason of a gross mistake, robbed the Heathens of a victory. At the moment there are at least five clubs in the running for honours. These are Everton, Sunderland, Preston North End, Sheffield United, and Blackburn Rovers. Only five points separate the lowest of the five from the highest, and the competition is not half finished yet. The champions, Aston Villa, have made a sorry show this season, and they don't look like picking up to any extent. Derby County, Liverpool, and Stoke are deeply disappointing. I cannot understand the position of Derby at all. Everybody acknowledges that they play a beautiful game, but they appear to be always on the losing side by just one goal. It is quite other with Stoke and Liverpool. There is some satisfaction in their defeat. As a rule, they go down by thumping majorities.

In the second division Bury now hold a long, strong lead. At one time it was thought that Notts County would trouble them, but Notts have fallen upon evil days. Grimsby Town are the most serious of Bury's rivals, and from what I have seen of the fishermen, with their fine physique and clever play, I have no doubt they will finish well in front. Woolwich Arsenal, too, are climbing the ladder rapidly, and in their past twelve matches they have not suffered a single defeat.

The relative strength of the rival Sockers' 'Varsity elevens appears to be pretty much the same as last season. This remark requires explanation. Up till the playing of the 'Varsity match last year, no one had any doubt that Oxford were immeasurably the superior eleven. Their season's records told us that plainly in black and white; but when it came to the Inter-'Varsity contest the Cantabs snatched a lucky and plucky victory. They may do the same this season, though I doubt it. It is not always the best team that wins. So far as pure football is concerned the Oxonians are a long way ahead of their Light Blue rivals.

OLYMPIAN.



Photo by J. H. Killick, Holloway Road, N.

A. ROSTON BOURKE.

The Christmas Number of the *Young Man* and the *Young Woman* (S. W. Partridge) is excellent value for sixpence. The young man in literature is represented by Dr. Conan Doyle, whose "Foreign Office Romance" is capital reading; Mr. Gilbert Parker, who tells a story of Hudson Bay; Mr. H. D. Lowry, a writer rapidly coming into front rank; and Mr. Norman Gale, who contributes a rhythmic poem on Christmas. The ladies who contribute to the number are the Countess of Aberdeen, Miss Annie S. Swan, Miss Jane Barlow, and Miss Mary Angela Dickens. The eldest daughter of the great novelist also figures in an ideal interview, giving not a few interesting reminiscences of Charles Dickens. There are good specimens of Christmas sermons by Archdeacon Farrar, the Rev. Mark Guy Pearce, and Dr. James Stalker writes well on the Kindness which this season ought to promote. The illustrations are a great advance on last year's number, and Mr. F. A. Atkins is to be congratulated on having provided varied and healthy literature.

Hitherto it has been very awkward to use the typewriter on envelopes. The difficulty has been overcome by Messrs. Beeching, who have devised a "Typewriter Envelope," meeting all requirements. It has been at once adopted by Remingtons, which is a guarantee of its utility.



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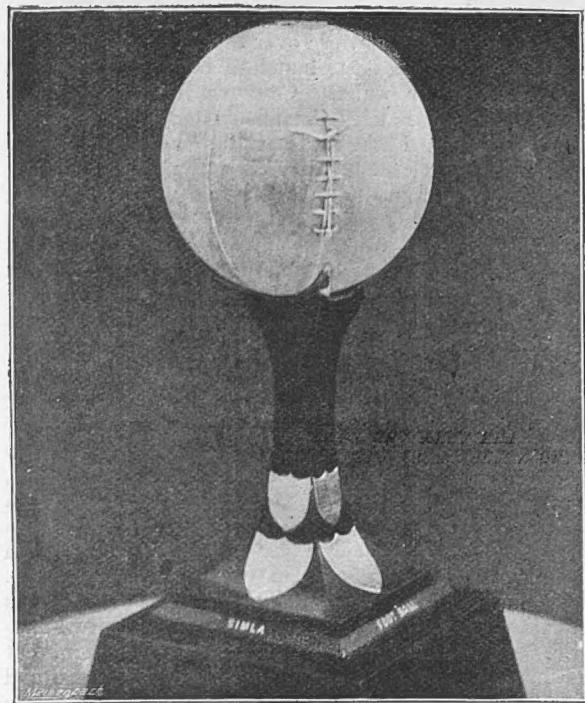
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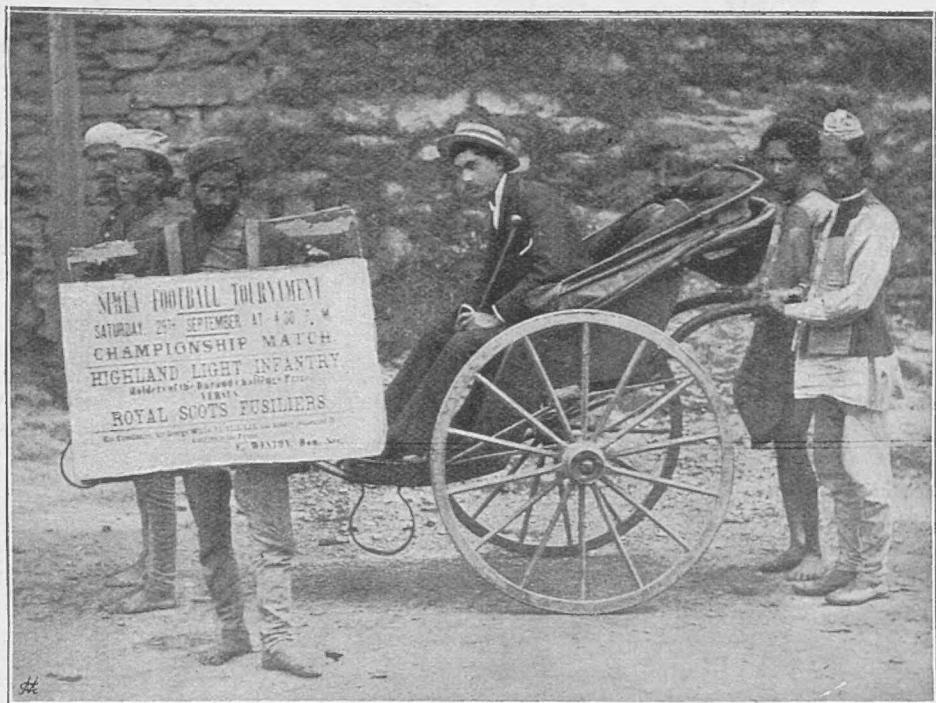
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FOOTBALL AT SIMLA.

Photographs by Colonel Brown Constable.



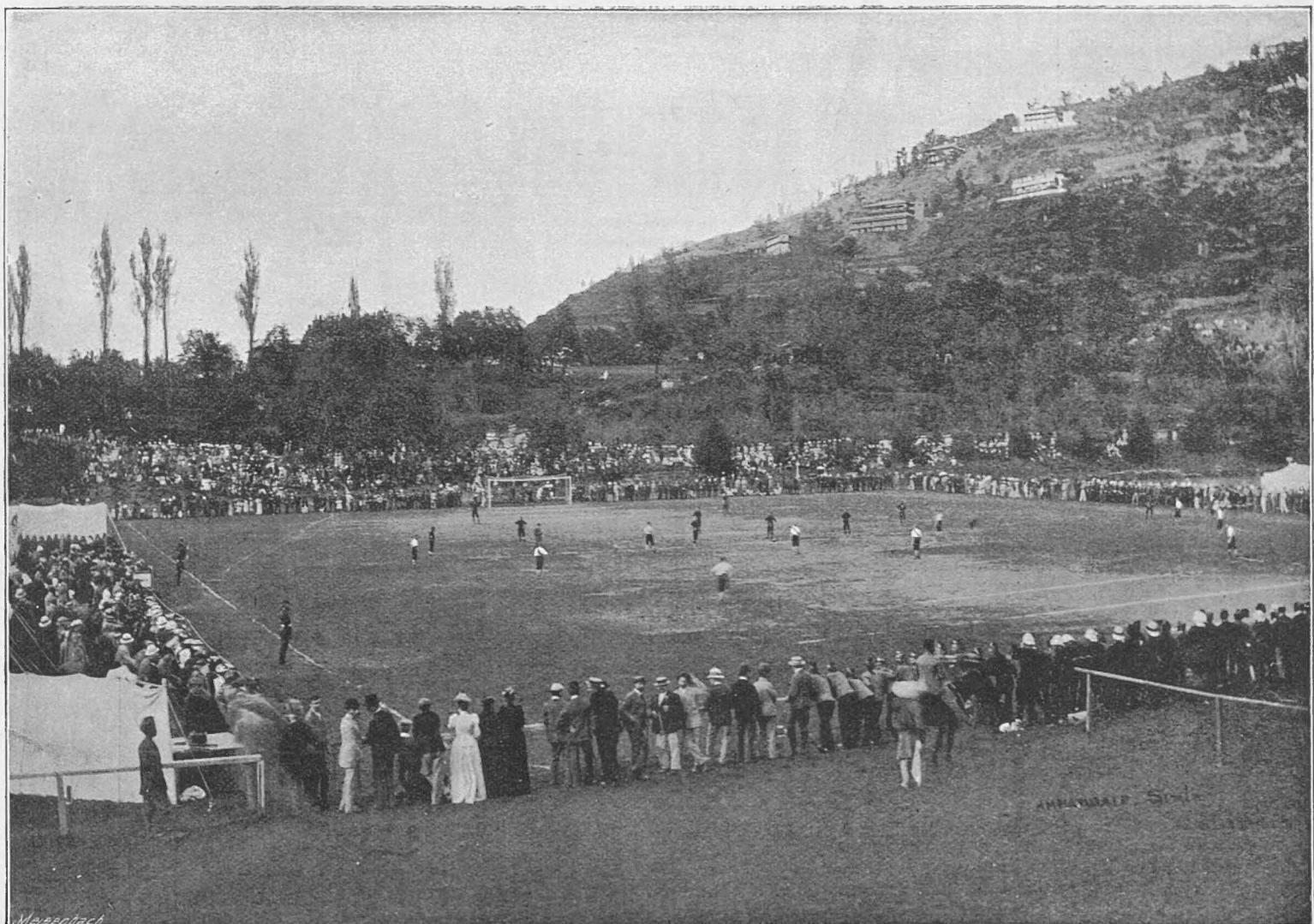
TROPHY TWICE WON BY THE HIGHLAND LIGHT INFANTRY.



OUR SANDWICH BOY.

Simla has been very keenly interested in the Durand Football Tournament, which took place at the end of September. The sports are held at Annandale, and one of the illustrations given herewith show the two teams competing in the final tie. The photographer took a shot at them

just before the kick-off; the Highland Light Infantry are in white, while their opponents, the Royal Scots Fusiliers, are in dark clothes. The former team was victorious. The honorary secretary was Mr. E. Weston, and the referee was Lieutenant E. G. Curtis, of the Bedford Regiment.

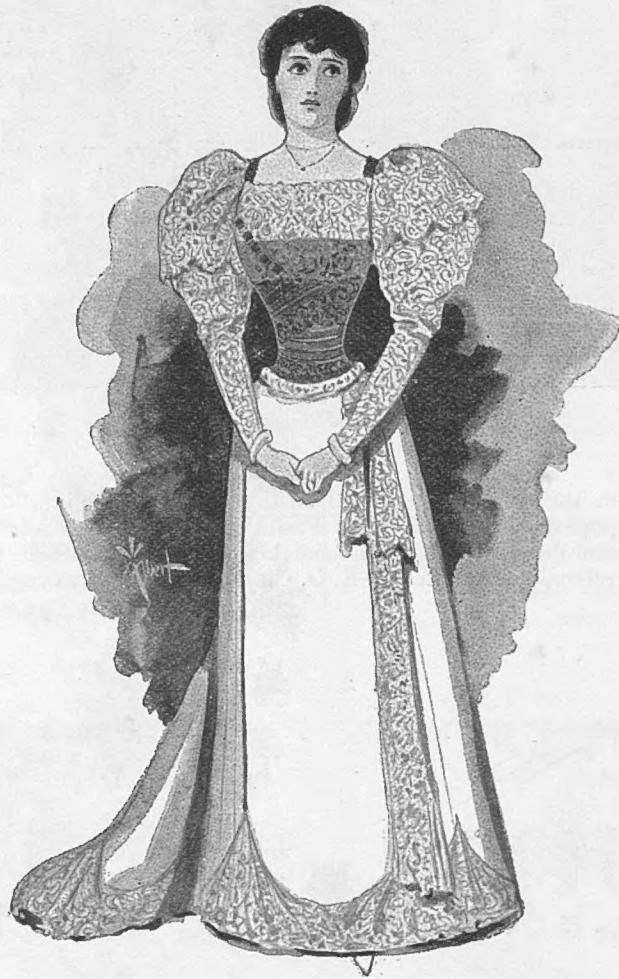


THE DURAND FOOTBALL TOURNAMENT AT SIMLA: FINAL TIE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE DRESSES IN "JOHN-A-DREAMS" AT THE HAYMARKET.

One of the most important events of the last week was, undoubtedly, the production of the new Haymarket play, with Mrs. Patrick Campbell as the heroine, and though it cannot possibly be called a "dressy" piece, inasmuch as there are practically only two women in it—for the ample purple satin-clad form of Miss Le Thiere is on the stage for a few minutes only—the gowns make up in quality what they lack in number, Miss Janette Steer's fully meriting, as a descriptive term, our usual title



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN ACT I.

of "Fashions up to Date," and Mrs. Patrick Campbell's being distinguished by absolute originality and artistic beauty. She looks so lovely in them that it is small wonder the two friends should become deadly rivals when she is concerned, and I was particularly glad to see her own beautiful dark hair again, for the fair locks of Dulcie Larondie of "The Masqueraders" became her not nearly so well. And now as to her gowns. The first, which is worn on board the yacht *Moonbeam*—a scene which, by-the-way, is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen on the stage—has a gracefully-hanging skirt of soft white silk, with a crépon-like surface, and is bordered with a vandyked frill of handsome mellow-tinted lace. The same lace is arranged in girdle fashion round the waist, and composes the long sleeves, which are slightly full at the top, and transparent from elbow to wrist, while it also drapes the corsage above the square corselet of dark-green silk, which is encircled by many rows of shimmering green and iridescent beads intermixed with passementerie, a narrow band of the same effective trimming put on squarely round the slight décolletage and glistening through the lace draperies, which are caught by sundry diamond ornaments and a band of magnificent turquoises matching in shade the silk which lines the long cloak of white silk which "Kate Cloud," otherwise Mrs. Patrick Campbell, eventually throws over her dress. This cloak, too, is bordered with a band of glistening passementerie, and is trimmed with graceful cape-like draperies of lace. Truly, an ideal gown, but it pales into comparative insignificance before the second dress, which is quite unique. It is fashioned of a silky fabric in a deep shade of tea-rose-yellow, with a raised design, which has the effect of brocade at a distance and of embroidery when you look at it closely. The back of the bodice is covered with beautiful white lace, which is put on plainly over the left side and is continued in the form of a pointed basque. The right side is of the yellow brocade, and is bordered with sable, the full puffs of the sleeves being caught in at the elbow by a twist of fur, from which hang sundry little fur bobs—or, perhaps, balls would be more respectful—a similar arrangement catching up the fur-bordered skirt slightly at the left side to show a petticoat of the lace,

while at the back of the bodice is a quaint little arrangement composed of sable tails. A broad stole of sable is worn over the shoulders, the ends reaching just below the waist, and a large bunch of dark-hued violets is tucked into the bodice near the waist. Can you not imagine how perfectly this dress becomes Mrs. Patrick Campbell's dark beauty?

And yet, I verily believe that I like her last dress best of all. It is of dark fawn cloth, the skirt perfectly plain, and the bodice having a deep collar of creamy lace, continued in front into a pointed drapery, which is fastened on the corsage by a spreading bow of darker-hued velvet, the cuffs, too, being covered with lace. But it was on the cloak that my affections were set; it is of the cloth, and is lined throughout with velvet in a lovely shade of heliotrope, and enriched by a deep cape of handsome sable, the same beautiful fur bordering the fronts; and then, to complete the pretty picture, Mrs. Patrick Campbell has a charming toque of the cloth, adorned with sable tails and sundry bunches of violets. And it is in this dress—the cloak and toque having been cast aside—that you get your last glimpse of "Kate Cloud."

Miss Janette Steer looks the part of the beautiful society wife to perfection, and rejoices in three exceedingly smart and beautiful dresses, the first having a trained skirt of turquoise-blue silk, bordered with a full ruching of blue chiffon, while panels of white moiré antique, with a chiné design of pink-petalled roses and tender green leaves are let in at the front and sides, a fourth appearing in the centre of the train. Each one is bordered with a design of the tiniest roses and leaves imaginable, and just above the chiffon ruche there is a line of pearl-and-silver passementerie. As to the bodice, it is of the chiffon, cut slightly open at the neck, where it is finished with a tiny berthe and rosettes of velvet. Over the shoulders pass broad bands of white moiré antique, tapering to a point at the waist; and at the back there is a large bow, with long sash ends, the straps of moiré in front passing beneath the waistband, and widening out into two long ends which reach nearly to the bottom of the skirt, the watered design being outlined with silver sequins. At the waist there is a loose bunch of saffron-hued roses, this touch of rich colour being just what is necessary to make the gown perfect. Miss Steer looks equally well in



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL IN ACT II.

her next dress, widely different though it is. The material is black-and-grey check tweed, the skirt very full and plain, and the open fronted coat bodice having full basques and square revers piped with terra-cotta silk. There is a double-breasted waistcoat of silk in the same effective colour, and of course there is an immaculate white collar and a smart little black tie. With this gown is worn a velvet toque, trimmed with black wings and violets, the fulness being caught in at each side with a paste buckle. Then last in order—though, to my thinking, first in merit—comes a costume consisting of an enormously full and perfectly hanging skirt of geranium-pink cloth, and a bodice of mellow-tinted

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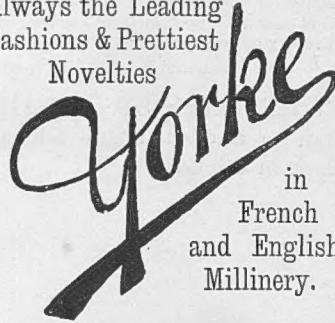
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It would probably very much surprise most people to be told that when they buy a dress-length of black silk, in all probability one-half the total weight, possibly as much as two-thirds, or EVEN MORE, is contributed by substances other than silk—DYES, LOADINGS, and DRUGS of various sorts. To a certain extent they have themselves to thank for the fact that this is so, for ONE OF THE GREATEST MISTAKES IN THE WORLD IS TO ESTIMATE THE VALUE OF A PIECE OF SILK BY ITS WEIGHT; and yet what method of judging is more commonly employed by the public, and even, though to a more limited extent, by the Trade! For the general public there is only one certain and complete test to find out if a piece of black silk is over-weighted by foreign substances or not, and it is one which is much less widely known than it should be. THIS METHOD IS TO TAKE A SMALL SAMPLE OF THE SILK AND BURN IT. If it burns readily to a crisp brittle ash, grey-black in colour, then the public may be assured that the article is pure, and dyed with a vegetable dye. If, on the other hand, the sample burns with difficulty, or smoulders slowly, leaving a soft and dusty ash, red or reddish-brown in colour, the public may be certain that the goods are over-weighted with chemicals and foreign substances, and accordingly will not stand fair wear, and will lose their appearance at a very early period."

DRAPERS' RECORD, May 5, 1894.

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